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VOLUME 26 NUMBER 14

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

NATHALIE

If you thought nice girls never fiddle with their fannies then 19-year-old Nathalie has some news for you. "Just don't believe those girls who say that they have never masturbated – all us girls love it as much as you do!" giggles our sex-mad Staffordshire girl who plays the viola – when she's not playing with herself. "A girl doesn't get to my age without ever wandering what that little button is between her legs and trying to find out what happens if she presses it. The first time I found out was while watching a Tom Cruise film at the pictures!"

If small American film stars have had similar effects on your sex life we'd like to hear from you at the usual address...

Debbie

With knockout boobs like hers, it comes as no surprise to discover that Debbie from Wimbledon is a power-woman dealing in high finance. (Well, she works as a clerk on the third floor of a building society!) "All I've done at work for ages is daydream about becoming a *Mayfair* model and what I'd wear on my first shoot," gushes 18-year-old Debbie, obviously very excited about her naked debut.

"And with naughty thoughts like that on my mind it's not long before my fidgeting fingers find their way into my panties and I'm playing with myself discreetly under the desk. It's a good job I've got a modesty board or the girl opposite me would get a good old eyeful!" laughs Debbie, inching a delicate silk stocking down her creamy thigh. "Having said that though, most of the other girls are probably up to the same thing too!" Well, that's job satisfaction for you.

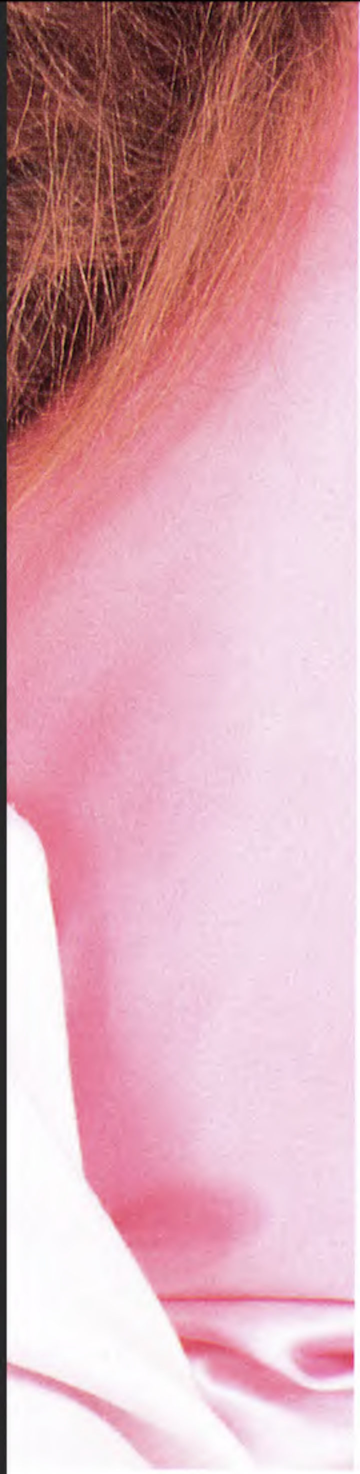
TRACY

TRACY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

Tracy James, our stunning star of *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 11, knows exactly how she plans to celebrate New Year – with a threesome! "It's always been a fantasy to have two guys at once, and now I think I've found the right ones. But I'm warming up a few substitutes in case one drops out on the night!" says the 19-year-old 44-26-38 Warwickshire wobbler fiddling with the controls on her twin torpedoes. "I plan to have one bloke shag me right up till midnight. Then right on the stroke of twelve, it'll be out with the old and in with the new!"

BRIDGETTE



Bouncy Bridgette Barclay might look like your normal, everyday girl with big knockers, but behind that sexy, sensuous smile and those come-to-bed-and-give-me-one-from-behind eyes lies a saucy secret, so naughty we've had to seek special permission to print it: Bridgette likes to have her feet tickled! "It's the perfect foreplay and turns me on like nothing else." Yep, you can always bank on Miss Barclay to come up with something kinky. "It's funny how a soft kiss on my soles has such an effect on my pussy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

"If a guy starts on my toes, nibbling and sucking each one, by the time he's found his way up to my pubes they're soaking. Not many men think about a girl's feet in the same way as her boobs, for instance. But if a bloke won't give my toes the attention they deserve he gets dropped straight away. That's why I'm only seeing one guy at the moment – I guess he's what you might call the 'sole survivor'!" Ⓜ

'Sarah held me close as we whirled around the dancefloor. She moulded her voluptuous young body to my every curve, her firm boobs pressing against mine. I knew then that I was falling for her...' These sexy goings on are the opening lines of 19-year-old Cindy Beresford's boddice-ripping, knicker-twisting, fly-button-bulging new book – and would we like to know what happens next! "Sorry guys but no one gets to read the rest till I've finished it," says Cindy putting her foot down and her hair up to reveal her perfectly defined features. "All I will tell you is this," she says secretively, leaning closer, allowing her boobs to swing freely. "My book's based on a thing that happened to me last summer when I had sex for the first time... but I was still a virgin the morning after, if you get my drift." Forget your drift, Cindy, just send us the book!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON VOGEL

cindy

SAMANTHA

In fact it looks more than fine – it looks fabulous! Two perfect domes of ever-so-slightly soft, quietly quivering flesh forming one peachy bum. What more could a man want? "Bigger boobs. I reckon mine stopped growing when I was fourteen!" Oh no, here we go again...

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

samantha

What is it about women? They're never happy with their body: too fat, too thin, too small, too tall. It makes no difference to them that us blokes are satisfied with them whatever their shape. Take Samantha here for instance: lovely face, luscious legs and the sort of pouting pussy to please any guy. But these aren't enough for our 19-year-old sex-pot from Guildford in Surrey. "I'm a bit worried about my bottom. It always looks so big in photographs," says Samantha, as she eased her knickers over the cheeks in question. Well it looks fine to us, we assured her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JACK HARRISON

MURIEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

Good bodywork, great performer and naughty to naked in the time it takes you to turn to page 59 – that's Muriel all over! "Did you know that a Ferrari Testarossa has a top speed of 180mph? That's about three times quicker than my 2CV!" squeals a gob-smacked Muriel caressing the smooth curves of the macho muscle car and sliding her bum cheeks down the bonnet. "I love a fast mover between my thighs!" she giggles.

Apart from sleek looks and obvious sex appeal, the raunchy red motor and our amazingly rude Muriel have something else in common – they were both made in Italy: "Yeah, my parents had their honeymoon in Rome!" she laughs. Admittedly, our 1971 model is somewhat older than the Ferrari, but we know which one we'd rather be seen in – the one without the spare tyre and the steering wheel! Ⓜ

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

samantha

MAYFAIR
BRA BURSTERS

BRANDY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

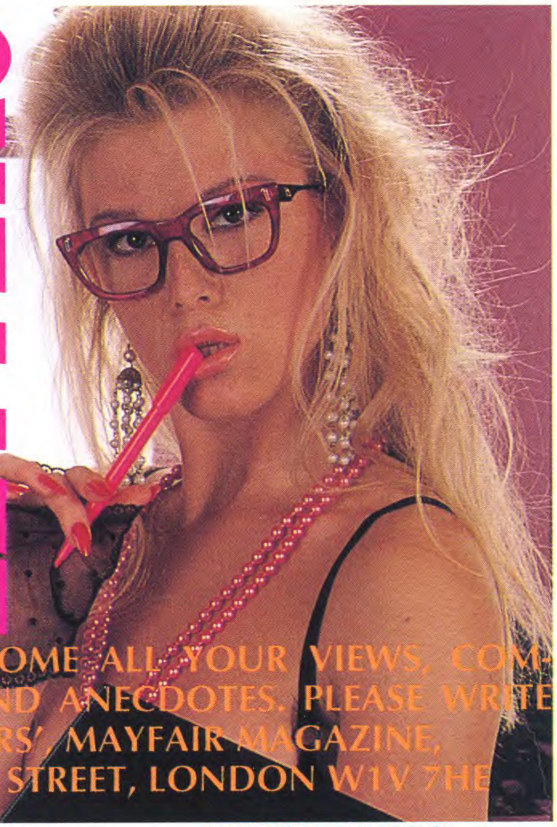
Fancy a large Brandy? Well, here's a girl who's guaranteed to give you a stiff one! Buxom Brandy (40-25-36) has been handing out her generous doubles since they started straining her school blouse at 18! "They were a bloody nuisance at first," said our 22-year-old Bournemouth belle. "But I've learned to live, and love with them – like letting guys stick their head between 'em. Trouble is, then they can't hear me telling them what I want them to do to my little pussy!" Ⓜ

melanie

With the chilly winter nights upon us, 19-year-old Melanie Granger has got her tits to consider every time she sets foor outside the door. "Winter's a funny time for me," she grins, cupping her boobs in her soft hands. "The cold air goes straight to my little pink nipples. I swear that they're rock hard from November through to March even without a guy sucking on the end of them! But you still won't catch me wearing underwear. I like my boobs to bounce freely under my blouse and to feel a breeze blowing through my pubes. You know come to think of it, about the only time I ever seem to wear any undies is when I'm taking them off in *Mayfair*!" Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

KEEP IT UP

Is it just my imagination, or are the girls in *Mayfair* getting sexier every issue? I mean, Karen from issue No 26 Vol 13 was the most beautiful, loveable and downright shaggable girl I've ever seen. What a delight to the eyes, and my cock!

Her tale about her neighbourhood gang-bang had me imagining her being shafted by loads of fellas, and girls. She mentioned that the house next to hers was empty – where is it? I'd love to be her neighbour!

So keep these broad-minded, big-breasted beauties coming, *Mayfair* – I know I will! G G, London

SWIM FLING

Recently I started swimming at my local sports centre. Usually I'm fairly lazy when it comes to sport, but the gorgeous muscular life-guard who patrols the pool made me keen to go as often as possible.

After weeks of swimming up and down the pool for hours in front of the life-guard without him ever noticing me, I decided it was time for action and bought a white swim-suit that I knew would go see-through as soon as it got wet.

The first time I wore the costume I stayed in the pool till it was closing time and Mr Hunky-bod came over and signalled for me to get out of the water. So I asked him for a hand and boy, did he get a surprise when I climbed out! He couldn't take his eyes off my see-through costume and my dark pubes and erect pert brown nipples which showed clearly through the flimsy material.

"Like what you see?" I asked. "If you want it, it's yours – just follow me into the changing-rooms and I'll show you the rest." And with that I strode off, wiggling my arse and flicking my wet brown hair over my shoulder.

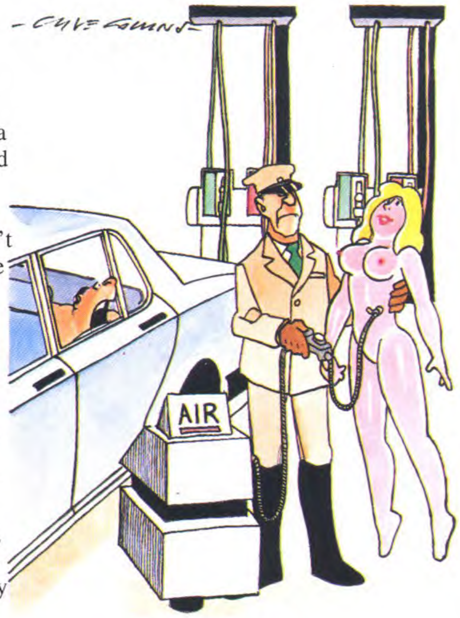
He took the hint – as I was sliding the soaking bathing suit off my trembling body, I felt his hands reach behind me to rub my breasts with his fingers.

"We'd better go into the changing-cubicle," he said, obviously worried that somebody was going to catch us.

It was fairly small in there, with a little bench to sit on. I sat down and he rolled the rest of my suit off, while I relieved him of his skimpy trunks, which, even though it hadn't hidden much, didn't hint at the size of their contents. His cock was huge!

My lusty life-guard was eager to get straight down to the naughty business, and so was I. I was feeling hornier than I had for ages. His sturdy, big prick entered me inch by delicious inch, making me gasp and groan. My cunt was stretched as far as it had ever been, and at the same time I was eagerly exploring his mouth with my sticky tongue. He fucked me with such power that I orgasmed repeatedly and it didn't take long before he joined me with the hottest stream of spunk that has ever shot into my fanny!

I could barely walk afterwards as I made my way home – I was well and truly screwed! And since that day I'm always the last one to leave the pool! P T, Leeds



For God's sake Perkins...Hurry!

AMERICAN PIE

My name is Lora and I just had to write to you about last month's raunchy Kim Reynolds. Though I am living in London at the moment, I'm actually from the States (Detroit, not Los Angeles like cute Kim) but the sight of her smooth skin and deep cleavage had me wishing we lived in the same town! I believe something like three out of five US girls have had a lesbian experience before they are 21 and though I must confess that all I have ever really done is french kiss another lady, I would love to have my first pussy party with curvaceous Kim. But I'll have to hurry because it's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

my 21st birthday in just three weeks!

I have been over Kim's pages in *Mayfair* again and again, imagining my mouth closing over her own pink lips; our tongues entwining in a long lesbian kiss. I have thought about how we could lie pussy to pussy, grinding our pubic hair into a damp mesh; tenderly touching each other's love-lips. And while my mind is fantasising over Kim, my forefinger circles my hard little clitoris, and dips in and out of my love-hole.

Seeing Kim and her fabulous body has convinced me that I should do everything I can to experience my sex life to the full and experiment with other girls between the sheets as soon as possible. I only wish the first girl to lap at my pussy could be Kim. Lora, London

BOOBY PRIZE

All guys who like big-boobed girls will know how great it is to get a tit-wank and feel those soft but firm mounds of flesh wrapping around your pole; but recently my girlfriend has come up with a couple of variations to make it even hornier.

First of all she undresses us both, and rubs her boobs over my dick until I'm really hard. Then she uses just her firm nipples to tease and tickle me, stroking them over the head of my cock and up and down my shaft. When I can't wait any longer, she gets me to rub baby oil all over her marvellous mamms so they are really wet and slippery as she takes my cock between them to fuck the living daylights out of me.

When I shoot my load over her boobs she gets me to lick it all off and suck her nipples, which are so sensitive that I can make her come just by doing that. Recently though, she's discovered something even better – she strokes her boobs along her best friend Judy's wet slit, and then offers it to me to lick off. The first time I saw my busty girlfriend rubbing her tits against Judy's creamy cunt I shot my load straight away, without even touching my dick! John, Northampton

URGENT LOVERS

My boyfriend Richard and I have been seeing each other for six months and our relationship is very sexual. We find that after a few drinks sex is even more intense and adventurous.

Recently, we went for a drink with Richard's work-mates. I was drinking pretty quickly, and starting to feel that familiar tingle in my fanny. When the sensations got too much for me I excused myself and went to the toilet where I masturbated furiously in the cubicle. Although I brought myself to orgasm, it was rather unsatisfactory – I had to have Richard's cock, and I had to have it now!

I went back to the table and told everyone that I needed to go to the bank before I could buy a round of drinks, and asked Richard to come with me. It was dark outside, and even darker in the alley-way behind the pub where I dragged Richard, and started kissing him feverishly. Richard, not really surprised by my actions considering it was something he's grown used to, pushed me back against the wall and

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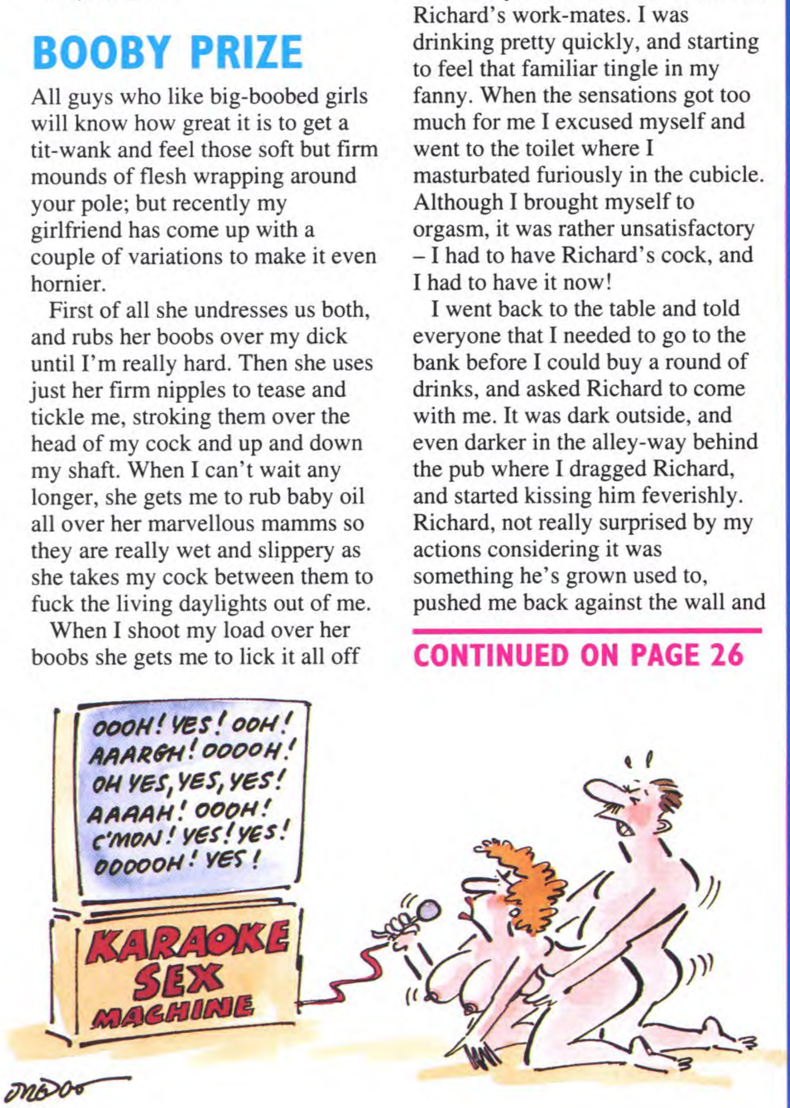

OOOH! YES! OOH!
AAARGH! OOOOH!
OH YES, YES, YES!
AAAAH! OOOH!
C'MON! YES! YES!
OOOOOH! YES!
KARAOKE SEX MACHINE

MONEY

City Editor ***Alexander More*** *offers some sound advice on how to spend your wad*

Endowment Mortgages: The Bigger The Better!

Eight out of ten new home loans are endowment mortgages — but how do the building societies decide how much you get?

Well, it's simple really. An endowment mortgage, unlike a simple repayment plan, is based on a combination of the size of your income and your woman's whammers. That's why they insist on seeing both of you before they give you any money.

According to our insider at a major high street building society, the usual allowance amounts to about £1,000 for every throbbing , creamy inch and goes something like this:

Boob Size	Amount Lent
20 inches	£20,000
36 inches	£36,000
63 inches	Anything you want as long as I get a go

Source: *Stan from the 3rd floor, Booby National Building Society*

Of course, if you are a single man, different measurements are taken and you can expect a correspondingly small loan — a maximum of £8,000 or £2,500 in the winter.

Hurry To Beat The Taxman

As any honest person knows, you had until October 31 of last year to get your 1990-91 tax return in. Delay it beyond this date, and you could end up paying interest on your unpaid tax, or even be murdered by the taxman. Yes, under draconian new laws planned by the government to cut down on tax evasion (except by buck-toothed comics) the taxman may soon have the power to take your wad, or your life.

Under the Silence of the Lamont Bill (1992), it could be up to the taxman to decide exactly how much extra tax you owe, or how you will die. As it is now some two months after the deadline, that next knock at your door could be the death of you. For thousands

SMALL BUSINESS OF T

In a time of economic recession it is refreshing to find young entrepreneurs turning away from drug pushing and starting up new money-making schemes. One such group of budding business-women is the *Silly Suds Topless Car Washers,* shown here, who have cleverly combined a full valeting service with huge, wobbly melons which they rub all over your windscreen while you watch. That's what we call enterprise, and we're sure they have big things in front of them. In fact, I'm beginning to feel an upturn already.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

undid his fly. Then he lifted my skirt up, pulled my knickers to one-side and hammered his prick into me, while pinching gently at my nipples with his fingers. The brick wall was rubbing into my back, but I didn't care; all I wanted was to reach the peak as quickly as possible, and believe me it didn't take long! As I started gasping, Richard trembled, and I felt his come shoot into me.

We were both feeling so horny that I got on my knees to suck Richard back to full strength, but suddenly we noticed someone watching us from the shadows and we ran back into the pub laughing. Richard's come dribbled down my thighs and soaked my panties as I sat there finishing off my drink.

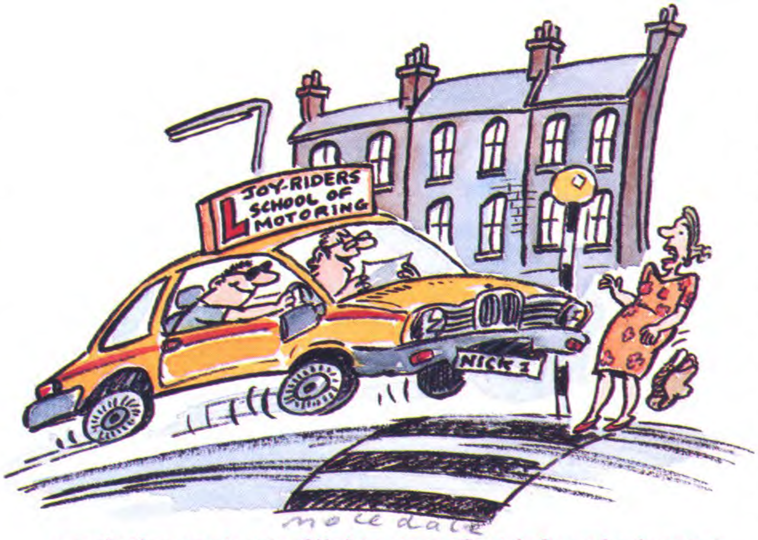
Richard's mates were keen to know where we'd been and asked why we'd taken so long. "We had a shag," said Richard, and everyone laughed thinking he was joking. Richard and I just looked at each other – if only they knew! N N, Romford

HAIR CLARE!

Thank you Clare for showing your sexy body in *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 13. What a delightful unshaven pussy you have – I reckon a bloke could fall in love with you just looking at it!

I've been dreaming about you visiting me at my house dressed in your long black boots and nothing else. You'd lie down on my couch, your legs wide open, and beckon me to come and suck your sweet little muff till you scream with joy!

Then you'd wrap your pink pouting lips around my six inches and suck me off like no other woman has ever done before. So come on *Mayfair*, let's see some more of Clare; she's one woman that I'd love tyo see in every issue! R R, Wakefield



...crash the next set of lights, turn first left and wipe out the panda car on the corner...

BIMBO BONANZA

I don't know about other *Mayfair* readers, but my life-long fantasy is to have a really tarty bimbo-looking girl, dressed in red stockings, suspender belt, peep-hole bra and stiletto shoes, let me screw her over my desk at work. Well, if this sounds like your fantasy too, read this and weep!

I work at a very large factory, dealing mainly in manufacturing computers. We do have lots of girls working for us, but they're not really my type. But when Darlene joined the company in November things really began to look up. Underneath her regulation work-coat she wore brightly coloured low-cut, short sexy dresses that almost made me bust all my crotch buttons on my jeans just thinking about her.

After her third day working for us I asked Darlene into my office on the pretext of asking how she was enjoying herself. I'd been building my courage up for hours and I was just about to make a pass at her when she said, "Y'know Mr B, all the girls think you're a real bastard, but me, I think you're dead nice, and real handsome too." And with that she stood up and undid her work-coat. "So prove me right Mr B, and show me just how nice you can be," she whispered, her pink tongue snaking across her red lips.

I couldn't believe it – she undid her dress revealing the kind of sexy underwear that turns me on most! I thought my cock was going to explode, but I managed to control myself as I reached over and probed her mouth with my tongue, exploring every soft, succulent part.

Then I moved Darlene to my desk and positioned her over it, before undoing my fly, opening her plump cunt lips and pushing two fingers into her. She squealed in delight, her cheeky little voice crying out: "Oh Mr B, oh yes, mmmm, so nice Mr B".

I pulled my fingers out of her fanny and gave Darlene my six inches of cock, pumping them into her with such force that all the books and papers on my table fell crashing to the floor. She was swearing now, rude words pouring out of her pouting sweet mouth and I lost all control! I pulled my cock out and sprayed my spunk in patterns all over her juicy buttocks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

mayfair hears

"I don't get my block and tackle out anywhere." — *Rod Stewart who — with his tight trousers — doesn't need to get anything out.*

"Women find me attractive because of my sensitivity, my sense of humour, and the fact that I have a 19 inch dong." — *Robbie Coltrane.*

"I'm sexual. I've never said thank God that I'm sexy or raunchy or whatever." — *Kylie Minogue.*

"I was a late starter at grammar school. I wasn't any good in class, I wasn't very good at sports and I wasn't any good at wanking because everyone but me had pubes." — *Rik Mayall.*

"I have buck teeth because I sucked my thumb until I was 11... then I went on to suck other things." — *Rosanna Arquette.*

mayfair reads

When Fred Stafford showed off his new car to friends they were impressed and a little surprised. They couldn't work out how he could afford to buy a Jaguar. As the 48-year-old Birmingham man took his workmates for a spin he explained that he had been given the car as part payment for a debt. What they didn't realise was that the previous owners were in the car with them — in the boot. Stafford had strangled his wealthy aunt and uncle and stashed them in the back until he could find somewhere to dump their bodies. He was eventually arrested after other relatives reported their disappearance to the police. When asked why he did it, he explained that he needed a new car. — *The Times*

Labourer Herminio Rivera died in a freak accident on the bank of the River Mino in Spain. He was found crushed to death under a huge granite boulder which had fallen onto him from the cliff above. As firemen winched the boulder off to recover the body, they found a chicken underneath Herminio who — as it turned out — had his trousers unbuckled and his flies open. Assuming he'd been taking a leak when he was suddenly struck, they lifted him up to discover that his groin was covered in feathers and he had his dick *in* the chicken. — *The Star*

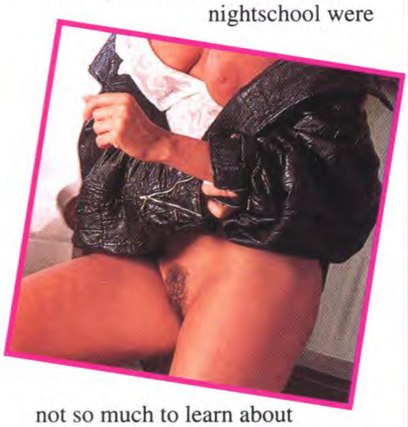
A kindly sheriff who let his inmates out for the odd night of nookie with their other halves almost lost his job. Not because he was found out, but because one of the prisoners he let out almost killed someone. The lag went home to find his wife in bed with another man and attacked him with an iron bar, knocking him senseless. Moaned the wife: "My husband had no right to be here. He was supposed to be in jail." — *The Enquirer*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Before the afternoon was out we'd screwed on the desk, under the desk and even over the filing cabinet. Our outrageous antics caused my secretary to raise an eyebrow – and so she should: now I've fulfilled my office fantasy, next time I want to take Darlene and my secretary to bed at the same time!
C B, Manchester

LEATHER-CLAD AND SEX-MAD

My motives for enlisting in a motorcycle course at the local nightschool were



not so much to learn about mechanics, but to see all those horny guys in leather. I don't know why, but ever since I can remember I've gone weak at the knees at the sight of a guy in a leather jacket, matching skin-tight trousers and a crash helmet.

So from the first night of the course I was in seventh heaven, my knickers constantly creamy. I seemed to be falling in love every two seconds or so! But all good things come to an end so on the last day of the course the six fellas and I decided to have a little party in the conference room after our tutor had

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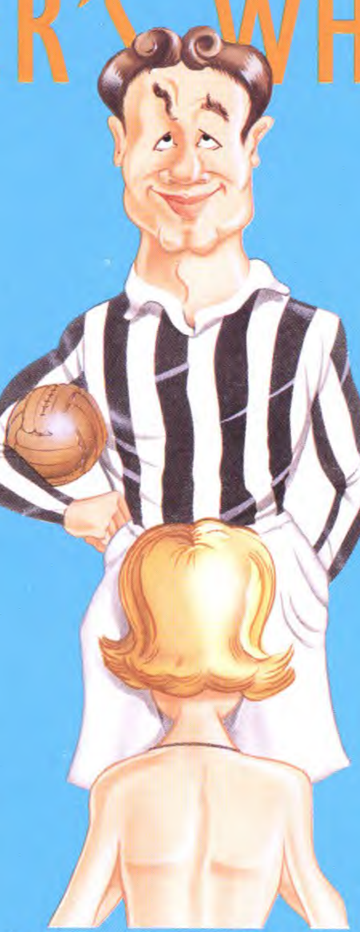
NUDIST ALES
THE FIG LEAF AND GENITALS
Larry

Stories of sex and the sporting life

WANGER'S WHOPPERS



Leslie Wanger was a 50s kinda guy, thought Sharon as she slurped her way through his brylcreemed pubic hair.

Wanger belonged to an age before a pert, blonde, Essex girl like Sharon got sticky over Tom Cruise. But he was a catch. International soccer star, test cricketer, crack shot, first Brit to win Wimbledon since colour TV, and hung like Shergar to boot. Unfortunately, at that moment, Wanger's stiffy had, like Shergar, disappeared. And Sharon, All-Essex Blow-Job Champion, 1989-90, could do sweet FA about it.

"Oh darling," sighed Wanger, "couldn't you just help things along by impersonating Richie Benaud again?"

Sharon reluctantly whispered to his dick: "Welcome to Lords, where it looks set for a fine day of cricket..."

"Oh yes!" cried Wanger.

It was too much for him, a full thirty seconds of international sporting commentary, and he hit a big six all over Sharon's peep-hole bra.

"Oh well," he said, in crisp Etonion, "it's for the best, darling. After all, it's the big one at Wembley tomorrow."

Sharon sighed rather hoping for the big one that night.

Cambridge Blue

Quite how England came to be playing the Faroe Islands in a play-off for the last place in the European Cup was down to UEFA. A grid-locked goal difference, and complaints by the Faroes that they'd had to play all their matches away as nobody knew where the fuck they were, had baffled everyone. UEFA's only solution was to match the pair in a final qualifying game.

Wanger ate a hearty breakfast before joining the England squad for a final training session and team talk. He won the sprints, having taken the 100m Blue at Cambridge. He'd toyed with the idea of taking on the event at the '84 Olympics but decided that a gold medal in the same year as he became Open golf champion and landed a record-breaking gudgeon would be immodest.

Graham Taylor looked dour... "I just don't know what's gone wrong. Why can't you play like you do for your clubs? What's all this nancy-boy passing crap? Now watch this video of the Billinge Beaver Pack over the park. Notice how when one of 'em's got the ball, they all chase after him! That's how you keep yer shape. Chase, chase, battle, battle!

"Now, as for the team; 'cos of our injury problems I'm having to play Barnes, Waddle and Wright. No Geoff Thomas, no Batty, no Dennis Wise... But there are no easy matches in international football. If only I had eleven Wangers..." babbled Taylor collapsing into a heap.

A stench of fish invaded Wanger's aquiline nostrils as he entered the Wembley dressing rooms. It emanated from a large pie on the table.

"What's this, chaps?" he said.

"Poxy present from the enemy, ain't it," said Des Walker. "A traditional Faroe Islands mackerel and lard pie."

"What great tuck!" exclaimed Wanger scoffing the lot.

After persuading the Faroe Islanders that they didn't have to use their shirts for goal posts, the game kicked off. England began slowly. Then Lineker cut through and flicked a shot onto the inside of the post. The rebound fell to Wanger. But as the great man steadied himself in front of the open goal, his head swam, his stomach groaned and his bowels dropped. Hoofing the ball a mile over the bar, Wanger embarrassed himself in his Humbrol shorts.

When the half-time whistle blew the players were booed.

Blooming Fish Pie

"What's gone wrong?" sobbed Taylor.

"It's that blooming fish pie!" protested Wanger. "They've poisoned me, the bounders!"

England was forced to start the second half without him. Then: "I say, Boss," Wanger said to Taylor, "I think I'm going to... Bleeeuugh!"

Wanger puked the remains of the greasy pie onto Taylor's tracksuit. The manager smiled. It was going to be alright.

Wiping his mouth, Wanger strode back on the field. But with only 30 seconds to go, surely it was too late! But no, Wanger burst down the touchline. In his sights was the Faroe Islander's fiendishly grinning manager.

"Take that!" cried Wanger, smashing a bullet shot into the man's face. Wanger took the rebound in his stride, sidestepped three defenders, and took his shot. The ball ripped into the net. It was the winner.

'A HERO AGAIN!' cried Wanger's morning paper, as he read it in bed. Wanger smiled at the large erection the reports had induced.

"Oh darling," cooed Sharon, "shall I read the rest?"

"Yes please," he replied. "But do 'em like Desmond Lynham!"

"OK," sighed Sharon. "Hello, and welcome to *Grandstand*. Tell yer what..."

Wanger's wanger twitched, throbbed and exploded ruining another pair of pyjamas.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

gone home. And what a party it turned out to be! I got totally pissed and ended up telling the guys all about my fetish for men in motorcycle gear. Me and my big mouth! I guess I was fortunate that they were all drunk, because one by one they admitted that they'd all fancied the pants off me since the first day. From that moment on anyone walking into the room would have got the shock of their lives!

I talked all the fellas into putting on their full motorcycle gear, then they watched eagerly as I did a sexy strip, feeling as fruity as fuck as I heard their leather trousers creaking with their growing erections. I spread my long legs wide open so they could all have a good look at my juicy pussy. Then I beckoned to the blokes to finger-fuck me with their leather gloves on. The feeling of leather against my clitty nearly made me faint with pleasure! Then all six blokes tugged out their dicks and began to wank over my bare body. I frigged my fanny harder and harder, running my fingers round my hard clit as a huge orgasm grew deep inside me. Just as I came, the first of my leather joy boys spurted his spunk all over my tits, then another and another, till my nipples dripped with globs off the sticky sweet stuff. When they had all come I rubbed the spunk into my skin, turning them on so much they began to get hard again and ready to fuck the arse off me.

Our evening was so good that we decided to get together again and now my six leather lads and I have our own special biker sex gang. They don't get to ride motorcycles much, but they always get to ride me! S P, Chester

FRENCH ROLL

My brother's girlfriend Simone is a classy French girl with an amazing body. I'd always dreamt about shagging her, but never thought that she'd be interested, till recently.

I was home by myself one night when there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and there stood Simone with tears running down her pretty face. She fell into my arms, hugging me and sobbing, "I hate your brother! I hate him... but I have nowhere else to stay. Can I stay here, please?" Well, she didn't really need to ask. I told Simone she could stay in my bed, and I made myself up a bed on the couch.

As I lay there staring into the dark, I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to seduce her, when I made out her silhouette against the window.

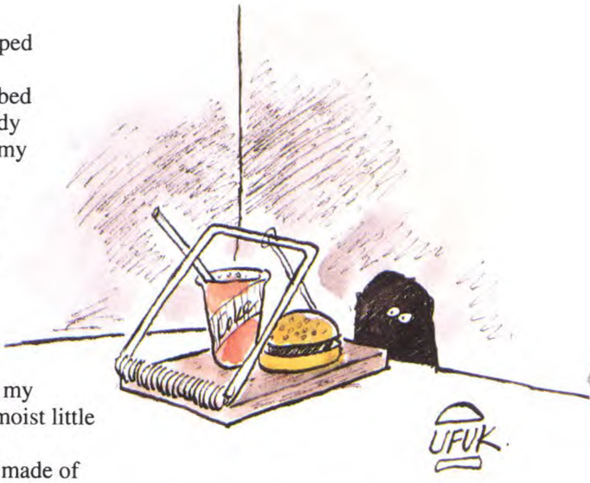
"Derek," she whispered in her thick French accent, "I feel so upset and lonely I don't think I can sleep on my own tonight. Would it be impolite to ask you to come and sleep with me?"

"Of course I will," I replied, trying not to sound too eager. And with that she took my hand and led me to the bedroom where she lifted up her see-through nightie to reveal her perfectly formed, voluptuous body. "You like?" she asked. I replied that I did, to which she smiled. Then she approached me and pulled down my boxers and complimented me on the size of my cock which she grasped firmly.

She laid me on the bed and smothered my body with kisses, attacking my neck with love-bites, then lowered her breast to my mouth so I could chew and suck it. I was already on the verge of coming, but I tried frantically to control myself as she kissed all down my body, then took my cock and placed it in her moist little hole.

It felt as if her cunt was made of velvet. She was tightening her muscles as much as possible, begging me to come inside her. I complied by pumping my juice into her, while she squealed in delight, her cunt throbbing as she came.

God knows how my brother could let Simone go! This woman had my dick up and going three times that night, and each orgasm was more powerful than the last. I don't know how long Simone plans to stay, but with a body like hers I'd love her to live here for the rest of her life! T H, Tunbridge Wells



BLONDE AND BRAZEN

I used to be a really shy girl, until one day my best friend told me she'd always thought I was very attractive and I just needed to push myself a bit more. I guess her words must have given me confidence, because the very next night I went to a club with her and set out to chat a guy up – something I'd never done before.

Sue and I had really dressed up, in tight skirts and high heels, and I felt sexy and a bit naughty as I went over to a handsome guy in a suit and put my hand on his arm.

The guy turned round and smiled appreciatively as he took in my long fair hair, big boobs and slim legs. He introduced himself as Paul, and after chatting for a few minutes he asked me to dance. He moved really sexily, and as he brushed

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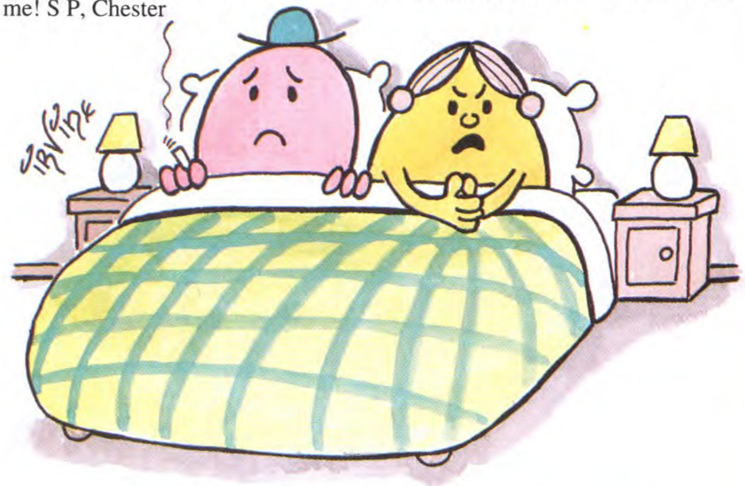


"No wonder everyone calls you Mr. Small!"

CONNECTIONS

Funny how all those little coincidences bind the world together, isn't it? For instance, who would have guessed this little lot had so much in common...

Racing driver Bertrand Gachot **upset a London cabbie, and did not win the 1991 Formula One Championship...**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

against me I could feel my pussy juicing up and I knew I had to get him into bed!

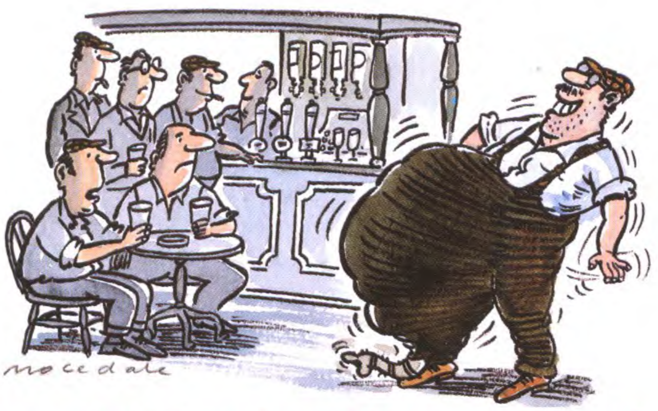
Paul was obviously turned on by me too, but as he seemed rather shy I decided it was time to test my nerve and make the first move. As a slow number began, I took his hands and placed them around my waist. He quickly took the hint and began stroking and fondling my bum as we swayed together. Then I whispered in his ear, "I hope you want to fuck me, Paul, because my pussy is really wet for you."

At once I felt his cock swell up hard against me, and that told me all I needed to know. Without another word I led him outside to my car. I had intended to drive us back to my place, but by this time I was feeling so horny I just couldn't wait! There in the car park, I unzipped Paul's trousers and pulled out his rigid cock. He moaned with pleasure as I wrapped my lips around the head of his cock and then sucked it right into my mouth, inch by inch. The sensation of this hard shaft sliding between my lips was getting me so horny I pulled the damp crotch of my panties to one side so I could finger my cunt as I lovingly sucked Paul off.

Paul's cock throbbed in my mouth as he pumped his creamy load down my throat, and then he spread my legs wider apart so he could repay the compliment. His tongue felt cool and sensitive as it touched my trembling clit and slid up and down my wet slit. Then he plunged it right into my hole as far as he could, teasing my pussy walls and quickly bringing me to my own climax.

I think Paul was a bit shocked that I'd let him lick and suck my pussy right there in the car, but it was getting him so horny he was soon hard again and begging to fuck me. There wasn't really enough room in my car to do it in my favourite position – doggy-style – so I drove to my place and we did it in every room in the house!

My policy of boldness certainly paid off – I'd recommend it to anybody! Josie, Luton



He started with ferrets but ambition got the better of him

BIGGER THE BETTER

Thank you *Mayfair* for making my month. Being a big boob man, I really couldn't believe my luck when I saw 44-inch tasty Tracey and 44DD Candy.

If only all women were built like them! Actually, no, maybe that's not such a good idea because then I'd constantly be walking around with a hard-on and never get any work done.

So all you sexy, big breasted girls out there, be proud of your massive mamms. Don't keep them hidden beneath layers of clothes – show off your assets! And *Mayfair* please bring back Tracey, Candy and others like her – I could do with a few days off work!
D F, Walsall

Next month in Mayfair

Horny Helen's all alone, waiting for you in our next issue... and if you don't come along, the poor girl won't have anyone to party with. So don't let her down...

Volume 27 Number 1 is on sale January 16.

MAYFAIR

of people this is the moment when they regret putting all their money in a 90 Day account offering a quarter of a percent extra interest and they get to know how BCCI investors felt.

So why not take a leaf out of the self-employed workers' book — lie about your earnings and send in tax returns based on books that have been cooked longer than British Rail cabbage. During the summer the self-employed criminal classes are tracked down and sent an intimidating letter estimating the amount of tax they owe.

For instance a relatively unsuccessful plumber with an income of £250,000 p.a. (of which he declares £95.30) could stand to pay in the region of 50 grand in tax unless he can prove what he says is true. But this does not frighten our self-employed friend who has adapted over the years to shrewdly outwit the taxman with a cunning financial web of bluff and deceit.

Five Methods of Tax Evasion
Dress up as Ken Dodd
Don't get a job
Become self-employed and insist on cash
Move house, change your name and have plastic surgery on your face and finger-tips
Suicide

Five Tax Havens
The Channel Islands
Eire
Bermuda
Isle of Man
Brazil
An airtight box covered in old coats hidden under the floorboards in the living room

Appeal!

If these methods fail, there is still one avenue of opportunity open to you before the taxman comes to your house and slits your jugular vein with a razor blade: appeal. Generally you have 30 days from the date of assessment to do this, and a good accountant will fix you up with sufficient figures to keep the tax people happy by then. Dropping the books in at midnight the day before your "interview" will even work.

If you fail to do so, you will be interviewed by several members of the Inland Revenue who will want some answers fast! Of course, if you or your accountant have juggled the figures so successfully that your returns could win the Booker prize for fiction, you could get a complete reprieve. Failing that, here are five methods of appeal that could be worth a try... but don't hold your breath.

Five Methods of Appeal
Tell the taxman that you have made a terrible mistake; your watch was rather slow and you forgot what year it is
Pray
Offer to have sex with any or all of the tax officials
Throw yourself down on the ground and offer up your first-born for sacrifice
Blackmail the taxman about the incriminating photographs you stole from his wallet

THE MONTH

STUFF

Style isn't something you're born with, it's something you buy at Harrods. To start 1992 we list ten things you'll never get through January without...

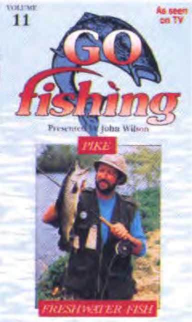
Laying your hands on the new Unipart calendar and spotting *Mayfair* favourite Kirsten Imrie baring her bits

Going on a skiing holiday to Switzerland and breaking both legs. Then deliberately mowing down David Vine in your wheelchair

Buying a Kenwood hi-fi system with a set of morphic speakers and wondering what 'morphic' means

Or finding out what the fuck that Bifadus stuff in yogurt is

Or how Plenitude Action Liposomes did in the UEFA Cup



Watching the entire *Go Fishing* series with the wonderful John Wilson on twelve volumes of Palace Sports video

Giving your house to a repulsive, leprous tramp in exchange for a bottle of Thunderbird sherry just to annoy your neighbours

Wondering why ex-Page Three girl Suzanne Mizzi would rather be known as "an actress and a singer" than an "ex-Page Three girl"

Learning "chiropody for blind women with left wing perspective" at nightschool in Lambeth

Dreaming of Heidi Davenport covered in warm chocolate sauce and licking it all off

Getting so pissed and desperate for sex at the New Years party that you begin to see your grandmother in a whole new light

KNICKERS!

The Ups and Downs of Ladies' Undies

Panties, scanties, bloomers, bockers or smalls, call them what you will, but knickers having been going down well since the 1790s.

In the early 18th century, most girls went without, and those that wore drawers were considered "loose moraled woman of ill repute." So says *Knickers*, a new book by Rosemary Hawthorne, detailing the history of every type from the "saucy token of promiscuity" to "the most hated part of the school uniform".

The first real knickers on the scene were pantaloons reaching below the knee and made of flesh-coloured stockingette, but it wasn't until the invention of nylon earlier this century that ladies' undies really took off.

Nylon, being drip-dry, was an instant hit with the girls. What's more, women were happier to show them. Gorgeous Gussie became the darling of Wimbledon by showing off her frillies on Centre Court. The mini-skirt gave millions of guys a free flash and suddenly panties came out of the closet.

Undies became more daring with fur, split crotches or messages such as "slippery when wet". Edible knickers (cherry flavour, naturally) made their debut and Ann Summers gave us panties with faces and rolling eyes.

Whether you prefer that to the frills and furbelows of saucy french undies, is a matter of personal opinion. One thing is for sure, however, like the very item that they so carefully cosset, knickers have come a long way.

Knickers: An Intimate Appraisal by Rosemary Hawthorne is published by Souvenir priced £6.99.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

my 21st birthday in just three weeks!

I have been over Kim's pages in *Mayfair* again and again, imagining my mouth closing over her own pink lips; our tongues entwining in a long lesbian kiss. I have thought about how we could lie pussy to pussy, grinding our pubic hair into a damp mesh; tenderly touching each other's love-lips. And while my mind is fantasising over Kim, my forefinger circles my hard little clitoris, and dips in and out of my love-hole.

Seeing Kim and her fabulous body has convinced me that I should do everything I can to experience my sex life to the full and experiment with other girls between the sheets as soon as possible. I only wish the first girl to lap at my pussy could be Kim. Lora, London

BOOBY PRIZE

All guys who like big-boobed girls will know how great it is to get a tit-wank and feel those soft but firm mounds of flesh wrapping around your pole; but recently my girlfriend has come up with a couple of variations to make it even hornier.

First of all she undresses us both, and rubs her boobs over my dick until I'm really hard. Then she uses just her firm nipples to tease and tickle me, stroking them over the head of my cock and up and down my shaft. When I can't wait any longer, she gets me to rub baby oil all over her marvellous mamms so they are really wet and slippery as she takes my cock between them to fuck the living daylights out of me.

When I shoot my load over her boobs she gets me to lick it all off and suck her nipples, which are so sensitive that I can make her come just by doing that. Recently though, she's discovered something even better – she strokes her boobs along her best friend Judy's wet slit, and then offers it to me to lick off. The first time I saw my busty girlfriend rubbing her tits against Judy's creamy cunt I shot my load straight away, without even touching my dick! John, Northampton

URGENT LOVERS

My boyfriend Richard and I have been seeing each other for six months and our relationship is very sexual. We find that after a few drinks sex is even more intense and adventurous.

Recently, we went for a drink with Richard's work-mates. I was drinking pretty quickly, and starting to feel that familiar tingle in my fanny. When the sensations got too much for me I excused myself and went to the toilet where I masturbated furiously in the cubicle. Although I brought myself to orgasm, it was rather unsatisfactory – I had to have Richard's cock, and I had to have it now!

I went back to the table and told everyone that I needed to go to the bank before I could buy a round of drinks, and asked Richard to come with me. It was dark outside, and even darker in the alley-way behind the pub where I dragged Richard, and started kissing him feverishly. Richard, not really surprised by my actions considering it was something he's grown used to, pushed me back against the wall and

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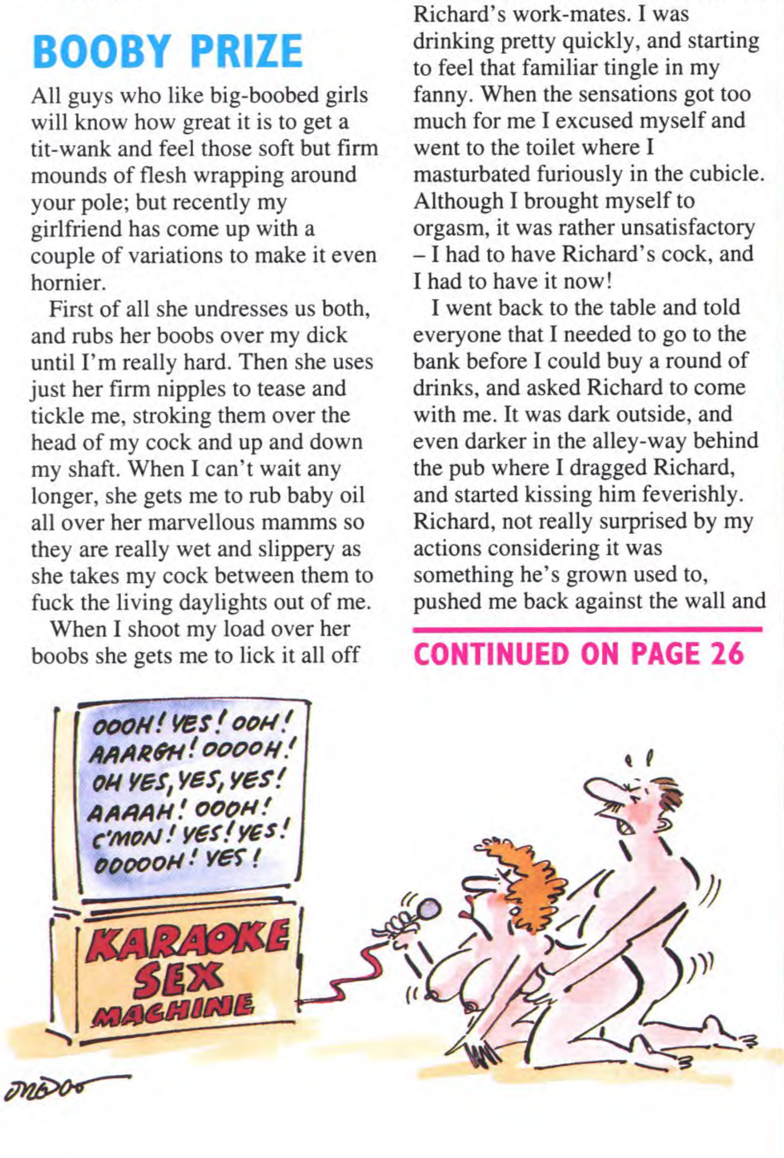

OOOH! YES! OOH!
AAARGH! OOOOH!
OH YES, YES, YES!
AAAAH! OOOH!
C'MON! YES! YES!
OOOOOH! YES!
KARAOKE SEX MACHINE

MONEY

*City Editor **Alexander More** offers some sound advice on how to spend your wad*

Endowment Mortgages: The Bigger The Better!

Eight out of ten new home loans are endowment mortgages — but how do the building societies decide how much you get?

Well, it's simple really. An endowment mortgage, unlike a simple repayment plan, is based on a combination of the size of your income and your woman's whammers. That's why they insist on seeing both of you before they give you any money.

According to our insider at a major high street building society, the usual allowance amounts to about £1,000 for every throbbing , creamy inch and goes something like this:

Boob Size	Amount Lent
20 inches	£20,000
36 inches	£36,000
63 inches	Anything you want as long as I get a go

Source: *Stan from the 3rd floor, Booby National Building Society*

Of course, if you are a single man, different measurements are taken and you can expect a correspondingly small loan — a maximum of £8,000 or £2,500 in the winter.

Hurry To Beat The Taxman

As any honest person knows, you had until October 31 of last year to get your 1990-91 tax return in. Delay it beyond this date, and you could end up paying interest on your unpaid tax, or even be murdered by the taxman. Yes, under draconian new laws planned by the government to cut down on tax evasion (except by buck-toothed comics) the taxman may soon have the power to take your wad, or your life.

Under the Silence of the Lamont Bill (1992), it could be up to the taxman to decide exactly how much extra tax you owe, or how you will die. As it is now some two months after the deadline, that next knock at your door could be the death of you. For thousands

SMALL BUSINESS OF

In a time of economic recession it is refreshing to find young entrepreneurs turning away from drug pushing and starting up new money-making schemes. One such group of budding business-women is the *Silly Suds Topless Car Washers,* shown here, who have cleverly combined a full valeting service with huge, wobbly melons which they rub all over your windscreen while you watch. That's what we call enterprise, and we're sure they have big things in front of them. In fact, I'm beginning to feel an upturn already.

THANK CRUNCHIE IT'S... SARAH STOCKBRIDGE!

You've seen the titilating TV commercial; you've eaten the sickly honeycomb centred choc bar; now get your fill of the tits! Sarah Stockbridge, the girl who's so horny that she makes you want to go out and get fat, was snapped during British Fashion Week wearing this black cotton keep net. We thought at first that it must have been designed by *Go Fishing*'s enfant terrible, John Wilson, but no: it's the work of British Designer of the Year Vivienne Westwood. Catwalk model Sarah is one of our Viv's favourites, it seems. And Viv will remain one of our favourites as long as her designs keep showing off Sarah's boobs.

As didn't *Go Fishing*'s wonderful John Wilson**, who catches ugly old trout...**

As is Ivana Trump**, whose ex-husband,** Donald **appeared in the film *Ghosts Can't Do It*...**

And neither can deceased soccer star Cyril Knowles **who played football rather well...**

As does John Fashanu **who presents *Good Sports*...**

As does co-presenter Paula Hamilton **who appeared naked in *Mayfair*, and upset a London cabbie...**

AUSTRALIA

If you're looking for a holiday this year but Britain's fully booked, why not take a chance on abroad? There's lots of it out there to try, and you might even like some bits. Cliff Wicket is your rough guide to the world's hot spots and how to tackle johnny foreigner on his home ground...

Where better to start our wolf-whistle stop tour than Oz – the land of kangaroos, Clive James and grown men who dress up as women for a living.

Flights can be expensive (from £800, Baggage Class with unlimited TWA tea) but overland to India and a short swim cuts costs dramatically. Once there you'll find the prices very agreeable, if not the food. The natives are friendly, but not to be trusted – especially if your wife is a woolly farm animal.

WHAT TO TAKE

Lots of sun-tan lotion, zinc cream, sun-screen and white gooey shit: in some areas the sun shines 25 hours a day. T-shirts, flip-flops, sun-hats, sunglasses, shorts, cans of beer: so you will not look like a tourist.

WHERE TO GO

QUEENSLAND

So-called because in this beautiful subtropical state the men wear skirts and touch each other's bottoms.
Places to go: Barrier Reef for the coral; Surfers Paradise for the surfing; and Bundaberg for the bum, sorry, rum.
Local greeting: "G'day mate, how's it goin' cobber, beau-di-ful day, but." The *but* serves no purpose, but then neither does Queensland.
Hazards: Cane toads – ugly, poisonous toads which hate people. If you lick the bottom of a Cane toad you will hallucinate; Queenslanders – ugly, poisonous toads who hate women. Licking a Queenslanders's bottom is not recommended.

NEW SOUTH WALES

So-called because it's full of sheep.
Places to go: Broken Hill to find gold; Sydney to get drunk; and Wagga Wagga to shagga shagga.
Local greeting: "G'daysh matesh, oldsh cobbersh, oldsh palsh. Howsh it goin'? Did I eversh tellsh ya, I luv yash sheepsh?"
Hazards: While swimming on Bondi beach keep your mouth firmly closed while carefully dodging the used mint-sauce flavour condoms.

HELPFUL AUSTRALIAN LINGO

Stubbie: a small bottle of beer
Stubbie holder: a holder for your ice-cold stubbie so your fingers don't get cold
Cobber: friend
Sheila: female
Mole: a horrible female
Rack off: go away
Root: sex
Cunt: cunt

VICTORIA

As the birth-place of Rolf Harris, Victoria is known as the cultural state of Australia; such is the state of their culture.
Places to go: Warrnambool – so all the locals can laugh at your pronounciation; Melbourne to get a real VB – Victorian Bitter, which is really a lager; and Ballarat to get a real VD – Veneral Disease, which is really a venereal disease.
Local greeting: "Can y' tell what it's gonna be yet?"
Hazards: Rolf Harris – for obvious reasons; duck-billed women throwing boomerangs.

TASMANIA

An island on the bottom of Australia which is the subject of obvious toilet humour. Famous for the Tasmanian Devil – a particularly potent local curry dish.
Places to go: Home.
Local greeting: "G'day, have you met my girlfriend?"
"Your girlfriend, I thought she was your sister!?"
"She is."
All Tasmanians are inbred.
Hazards: Tasmanians and your sister.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

South Australia is overgrown with greenery and the people are so laid back you have to kick them to check they're still breathing, especially the gardeners.
Places to go: Port Augusta for the boats; Barossa Valley for the wine; and Adelaide for the plane back to Britain.
Local greeting: "Jeezuz mate. Cor blimey, it's such a nice day, let's stuff work and sit in the park drinking wine all day." Not a lot gets done in South Australia, hence its status as a Third World country.
Hazards: Relaxing your brain to the point where you slip into a coma and people think you're a local.

SHEILAS

Australian girls, or 'Sheilas', range from Kylie Minogue and her seven thousand showbiz sisters, to female eunuchs.

When approaching a Sheila, quickly check that she is not her husband's sister; that she does not have a woolly back; and she isn't a middle-aged comedian dressed in a sequin dress and diamante spectacles. If you find yourself in bed with a Sheila, keep the light on – what you thought was a warm, hairy, pussy is probably a pouch.

The best place to meet a Sheila is on the beach. Here you can admire their sun-kissed bottoms and characterisically large breasts. On Bondi beach there are two girls for every guy – one to root and the other to keep the flies off your beer.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

When Australia won the Americas Cup, the Prime Minister declared on TV in his celebratory drunken stupor "All of Australia can have the day off work, and any employer who sacks an employee for not turning up is a complete bastard". Four years later the Americas Cup was held in Fremantle and the Cup was lost back to the Americans, which resulted in a hatred for Yanks.
Places to go: Fremantle to see the yachts; Nullarbor Plain to see nothing; and Perth to watch locals drowning American tourists in the Swan River.
Local greeting: "Are you one of those bloody cheating Yank bastards? Cos if you are..."
Hazards: Telling a local that some of your best friends are Americans.

LETTERS

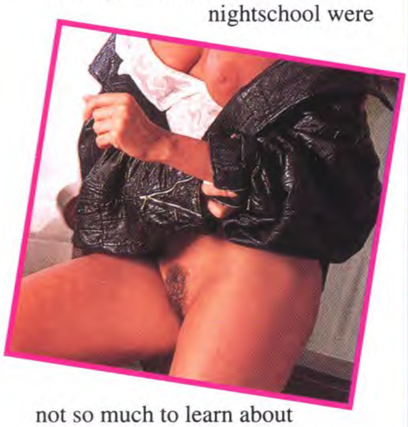
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Before the afternoon was out we'd screwed on the desk, under the desk and even over the filing cabinet. Our outrageous antics caused my secretary to raise an eyebrow – and so she should: now I've fulfilled my office fantasy, next time I want to take Darlene and my secretary to bed at the same time!

C B, Manchester

LEATHER-CLAD AND SEX-MAD

My motives for enlisting in a motorcycle course at the local nightschool were not so much to learn about mechanics, but to see all those horny guys in leather. I don't know why, but ever since I can remember I've gone weak at the knees at the sight of a guy in a leather jacket, matching skin-tight trousers and a crash helmet.



So from the first night of the course I was in seventh heaven, my knickers constantly creamy. I seemed to be falling in love every two seconds or so! But all good things come to an end so on the last day of the course the six fellas and I decided to have a little party in the conference room after our tutor had

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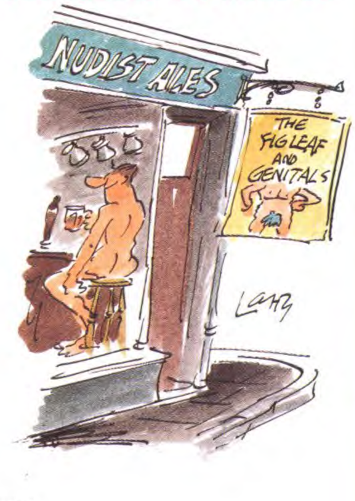
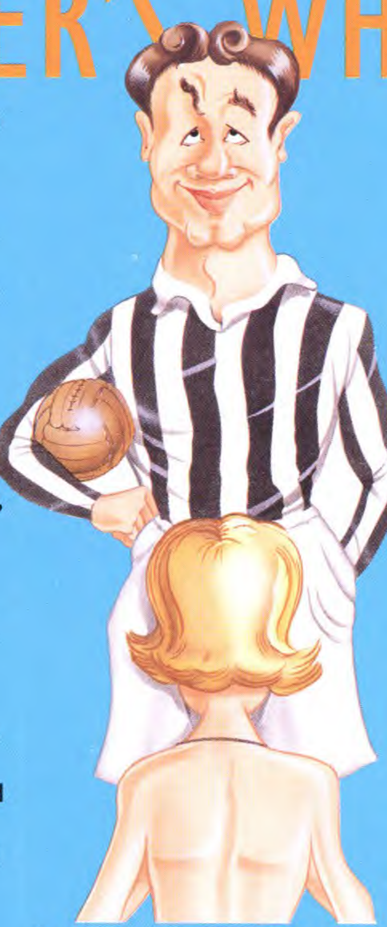

NUDIST ALES
THE FIG LEAF AND GENITALS
LARRY

Stories of sex and the sporting life

WANGER'S WHOPPERS



Leslie Wanger was a 50s kinda guy, thought Sharon as she slurped her way through his brylcreemed pubic hair.

Wanger belonged to an age before a pert, blonde, Essex girl like Sharon got sticky over Tom Cruise. But he was a catch. International soccer star, test cricketer, crack shot, first Brit to win Wimbledon since colour TV, and hung like Shergar to boot. Unfortunately, at that moment, Wanger's stiffy had, like Shergar, disappeared. And Sharon, All-Essex Blow-Job Champion, 1989-90, could do sweet FA about it.

"Oh darling," sighed Wanger, "couldn't you just help things along by impersonating Richie Benaud again?"

Sharon reluctantly whispered to his dick: "Welcome to Lords, where it looks set for a fine day of cricket..."

"Oh yes!" cried Wanger.

It was too much for him, a full thirty seconds of international sporting commentary, and he hit a big six all over Sharon's peep-hole bra.

"Oh well," he said, in crisp Etonion, "it's for the best, darling. After all, it's the big one at Wembley tomorrow."

Sharon sighed rather hoping for the big one that night.

Cambridge Blue

Quite how England came to be playing the Faroe Islands in a play-off for the last place in the European Cup was down to UEFA. A grid-locked goal difference, and complaints by the Faroes that they'd had to play all their matches away as nobody knew where the fuck they were, had baffled everyone. UEFA's only solution was to match the pair in a final qualifying game.

Wanger ate a hearty breakfast before joining the England squad for a final training session and team talk. He won the sprints, having taken the 100m Blue at Cambridge. He'd toyed with the idea of taking on the event at the '84 Olympics but decided that a gold medal in the same year as he became Open golf champion and landed a record-breaking gudgeon would be immodest.

Graham Taylor looked dour... "I just don't know what's gone wrong. Why can't you play like you do for your clubs? What's all this nancy-boy passing crap? Now watch this video of the Billinge Beaver Pack over the park. Notice how when one of 'em's got the ball, they all chase after him! That's how you keep yer shape. Chase, chase, battle, battle!

"Now, as for the team; 'cos of our injury problems I'm having to play Barnes, Waddle and Wright. No Geoff Thomas, no Batty, no Dennis Wise... But there are no easy matches in international football. If only I had eleven Wangers..." babbled Taylor collapsing into a heap.

A stench of fish invaded Wanger's aquiline nostrils as he entered the Wembley dressing rooms. It emanated from a large pie on the table.

"What's this, chaps?" he said.

"Poxy present from the enemy, ain't it," said Des Walker. "A traditional Faroe Islands mackerel and lard pie."

"What great tuck!" exclaimed Wanger scoffing the lot.

After persuading the Faroe Islanders that they didn't have to use their shirts for goal posts, the game kicked off. England began slowly. Then Lineker cut through and flicked a shot onto the inside of the post. The rebound fell to Wanger. But as the great man steadied himself in front of the open goal, his head swam, his stomach groaned and his bowels dropped. Hoofing the ball a mile over the bar, Wanger embarrassed himself in his Humbrol shorts.

When the half-time whistle blew the players were booed.

Blooming Fish Pie

"What's gone wrong?" sobbed Taylor.

"It's that blooming fish pie!" protested Wanger. "They've poisoned me, the bounders!"

England was forced to start the second half without him. Then: "I say, Boss," Wanger said to Taylor, "I think I'm going to... Bleeeuugh!"

Wanger puked the remains of the greasy pie onto Taylor's tracksuit. The manager smiled. It was going to be alright.

Wiping his mouth, Wanger strode back on the field. But with only 30 seconds to go, surely it was too late! But no, Wanger burst down the touchline. In his sights was the Faroe Islander's fiendishly grinning manager.

"Take that!" cried Wanger, smashing a bullet shot into the man's face. Wanger took the rebound in his stride, sidestepped three defenders, and took his shot. The ball ripped into the net. It was the winner.

'A HERO AGAIN!' cried Wanger's morning paper, as he read it in bed. Wanger smiled at the large erection the reports had induced.

"Oh darling," cooed Sharon, "shall I read the rest?"

"Yes please," he replied. "But do 'em like Desmond Lynham!"

"OK," sighed Sharon. "Hello, and welcome to *Grandstand*. Tell yer what..."

Wanger's wanger twitched, throbbed and exploded ruining another pair of pyjamas.

NORTHERN TERRITORY

Northern Territory is very dry, very hot and extremely inhospitable; hence it is the place where the Australian's stuck the indiginous Aboriginals in the hope that they would sweat to death. It was also home to Crocodile Dundee before he made a million quid and fucked off to civilisation.
Places to go: Ayers Rock to see the world's biggest rock; Mt Olga to see the world's second biggest rock; and Darwin to dehydrate so much you even contemplate drinking a pint of Castlemaine XXXX.
Local greeting: "Hot! You think it's hot, mate? Listen everyone, this wingeing pom thinks it's hot. Christ mate, it's only 200 degrees – wait till summer!"
Hazards: Baby-snatching dingos; dingo-snatching babies; and snatches where no dingos.

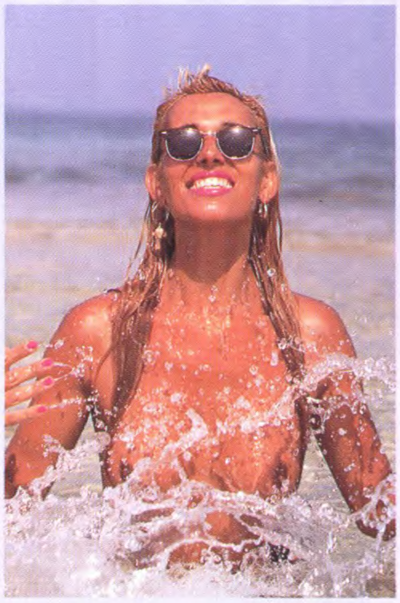
AMAZING AUSSIE FACTS

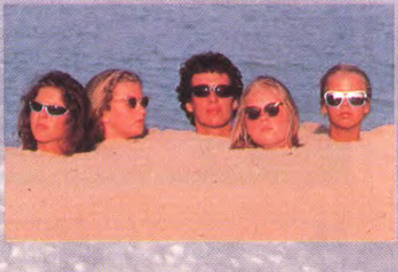
The Walbiri Aboriginals from Central Australia don't only shake hands with other males – but also their penis.

Fancy a root with a sexy Aussie sheila? Tempt her with crocodile kidneys, an Australian aphrodisiac!

Leave your false teeth at home grandad! Aborigines think gappy grins are horny!

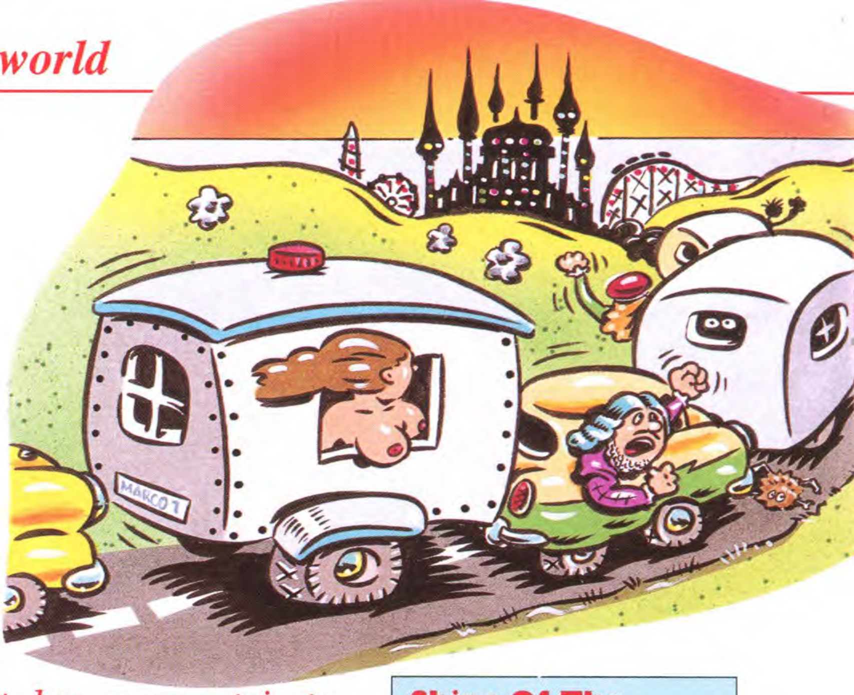
Pictures by The Photographers Library





Chapter Seven:

Exploratory Operations



*If the Renaissance was the Re-birth, then the Age of Discovery was the After-re-birth of Mankind, postulates pundit of all that is past, **Professor Stefan Backwards** as he takes us on a trip to a time when men were men and women weren't...*

The Renaissance had leapt upon Europe like a nymphomaniac released from ten years in solitary. It left the continent breathless, trembling and applying soothing lotions to various sore points in its southern regions. But while history in Europe raced ahead with all the speed of a tranquillized tortoise carrying a large suitcase full of rubber underwear, the rest of the world had not stood idle. A fact which would become apparent as 'The Age Of Discovery' began.

Polo Next

The Italians are keen explorers (as any woman who has stood in a Roman crowd will testify) and it was from the city of Venice that the world's first great traveller emerged. His name was Marco Polo and he was to bring the West first news of the wonders of the Orient. But his visit to Brisbane Road Football Ground was to come much later. What concerns us here is his journey to China.

Marco was an effeminate young fellow who made a living selling flat-fish in the Venetian piazzas. As a consequence he was known throughout the city as Polo — the mince with the sole. His camp demeanour endeared him to the ruler of Venice, the Doge. When it came to sexual matters the Doge was an all-rounder of Botham-like abilities. He kept a huge harem of half-witted sexpots of every gender and offered Marco Polo a similar position (or several similar positions, in fact). However, Polo was determined not to be just one of the Doge's foolish things. Proudly he announced his ambition: "I want to visit China. I want to go to the stately pleasure dome of Kublai Khan and bring back fabric, spices and an all-in-one shampoo and conditioner that will leave my hair smelling lemon fresh!"

Marco Polo's Souvenirs

Pasta
Silk
Tea
Ginger
T-shirt bearing the slogan 'My Brother Went To China And All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt'
Baseball cap with fake dog crap on the peak
One and a half litres of duty free Pekinese brandy
Over a hundred hours of very interesting video footage
An 'I Love Xanadu' car sticker
A rash

"Well," trilled the Doge, "on your own head be it."

Needing no further encouragement, Marco Polo gathered together a caravan and set off for the Far East. Naturally enough he got stuck in severe holiday traffic just south of Dubrovnik, as there were lots of other caravans heading in the same direction.

The journey was an arduous one. But eventually Polo's caravan arrived at Xanadu. Luckily for them this was in the days before it had been transformed into a crap Kublai Khan. It rapidly became apparent during this meeting that the great man was suffering from impotence, with the result that Xanadu had been re-named Xanadoesn't and the Khan had become a Khan't (and a total one at that). Fortunately: Marco Polo knew an old Italian cure for the problem. Unfortunately: he had forgotten to bring La Cicciolina with him. Instead he made the Khan eat 5 pounds of raw onions, 6 cloves of garlic and a jar of pickled eggs. "Will this protect me from future embarrassment?" inquired Kublai. "Yes," replied Marco Polo. "You mean it will restore my erection?" asked the Khan. "No," answered the young Venetian, "but nobody will get near enough to find out."

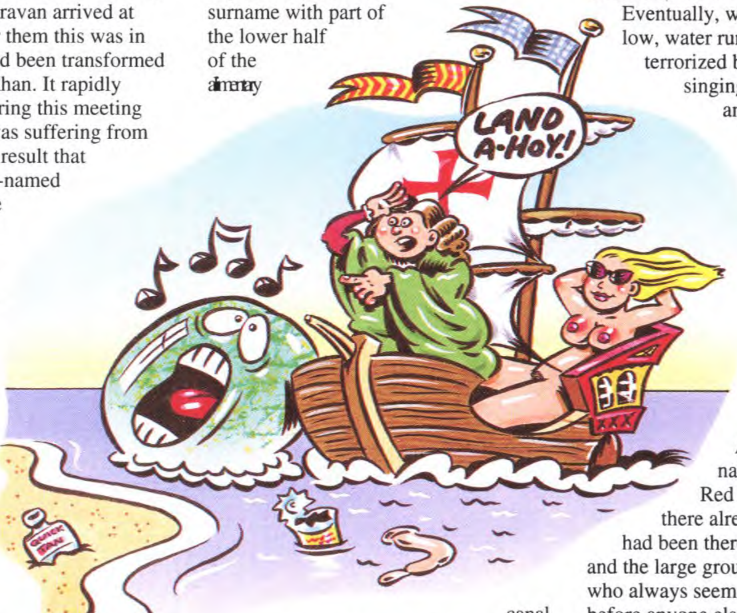
As a reward for his quick thinking, Kublai Khan gave Marco Polo many fine fabrics, spices and foodstuffs such as Won-Tun balls ("Gee," said the Doge's mistress when Marco presented these at court, "what do they do with the rest of the Won-Tun?").

His great voyage of discovery over, Marco Polo set up a chain of trendy clothes shops and tried to interest his friends in playing hockey on horseback.

Genoa The Way To San Jose?

Christopher Columbus was born in the Italian port of Genoa. He was not christened Columbus. This is an Anglicization of his name which was, in fact, Colon. It is fair to say that Christopher Colon is the only famous explorer to share his surname with part of the lower half of the alimentary canal.

Except, of course, for Frederico Sphincter, the man who discovered Swindon.



Columbus believed that the world was a globe. A globe artichoke. He reasoned that by sailing west through the fleshy outer leaves it would be possible to reach the tasty and nutritious centre. In other words, India. Unsurprisingly, when he put forward his theory to the rulers of Genoa they told him to get lost.

Ships Of The Great Explorers

Sir Francis Drake — *The Golden Hind*
Rear Admiral Everard Duckie — *The Golden Hindquarters*
Christopher Columbus — *The Santa Maria*
Roberto Soapopera — *The Santa Barbara*
Toto Schillaci — *The Santa Anna Greavsie*
Amerigo Vespucci — *The Hispaniola*
Jules Holland — *The Hispianola*

Next Columbus went to see King Ferdinand of Spain. Ferdinand also told him to get lost and even provided a fleet of ships for the purpose. In 1492 Columbus set sail to the west.

Eventually, with provisions running low, water running out and his crew terrorized by a gigantic jelly-fish singing a medley of Peters and Lee hits, Columbus sighted land. "Land ho!" called the gallant Genovese. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried the crew. "You've been gone to-oo-oo long," crooned the jelly-fish. And so it was that Columbus became the first man to set foot on American soil. Except, naturally enough, for the Red Indians, who were there already; the Vikings who had been there 500 years before; and the large group of German tourists who always seem to get everywhere before anyone else does.

Columbus had landed in the Bahamas. Yet despite the palm trees, casinos and men and women with immense arses encased in garishly coloured shorts wandering round the place saying, "Hey, honey! Wanna take a look at this cute liddle old place?" he still thought he was in India. He spent most of his time asking for directions to the Taj Mahal and wondering why he couldn't

get a decent curry anywhere. He never realized his mistake.

The first explorer to notice that the place where Christopher Columbus had landed was a new country was called Amerigo Vespucci. Rather cheekily he named the spot after himself — America. This is probably just as well for the Americans as it would be rather difficult to take a nation called the United States of Colon seriously.

Inca Pinca Parlez-Vous?

Yes, the New World had been discovered with its new plants, new animals and New Seekers. Now the mighty nation of Spain set about exploiting the wealth which lay therein. For the Spanish king had heard that there was gold in the Andes. And silver on the wristies.

Many brave men set out from Cadiz to try their luck in South America. There was none braver than Francisco Pizarro, a tall, thin man known throughout Spain as "that great streak of Pizarro". In 1560 this gallant conquistador landed on the coast of Brazil, just south of Sugar Loaf Mountain. It was the most famous Rio entry in all history. Francisco quickly subjugated the land we know today as Argentina and built a city there which he named after his wife, Isabella. A lady whose Aries was incredibly Buenos. Then he pressed on to Peru.

Inventions That Lead Men To Seek Out New Worlds

- The ship's rudder
- The compass
- The astrolabe
- Income Tax
- Beadle's About

Peru was the land of the Incas. The Incas were ancient people, famous for their stone masonry, astronomy, the invention of the disposable nappy (the Peruvian pampas remain famous to this day) and close harmony singing group, 'The Inca Spots'. However, despite their many other achievements the Incas had never discovered iron or steel. As a consequence their army only carried weapons made of wood. This was fine if the soldiers felt a bit chilly and wanted to have a bonfire, but it was bugger all use when it came to a battle with the Spaniards. As soon as Pizarro arrived at the gates of the Inca capital, Macho Picha – a huge fortress decorated with drawings of Arnold Schwarzenegger – it was obvious that the Inca's days were numbered. And only up to three at that.

To the north of Peru, in Mexico, another great civilization was also under threat from the Spanish invaders. The Aztecs were the only American tribe to be named after an unsuccessful chocolate bar. They were a bloodthirsty lot whose idea of fun was to queue up to have their hearts removed in a religious ritual. After this was done they went to work for the Inland Revenue.

Hernando Cortez arrived in Mexico and quickly laid a trap for the Aztec king, Montezuma. The other Aztecs knew what was about to happen to their ruler, but they hadn't the heart to tell him. Montezuma was executed and Crotez took his widow, Va'til as his mistress. However, when King Phillip of Spain heard about this he was livid. "Cortez with his fingers in Va'til," he bellowed. "Send that man to exile in Venezuela!" Cortez lived in isolation for ten years, then he went Caracas.

The Main Event

While the Spanish were exploiting the vast wealth of South America, the English, naturally, had not been standing idle. Sir Francis Drake set up a colony on the island of Trinidad called Portobello. Portobello was a terrible place full of thieves, ruffians, and scoundrels. Which is precisely why Portobello Market in London is named after it. From Portobello Drake and his men were able to plunder the Spanish galleons as they sailed along the main. Some historians have argued that this made Drake a pirate. Utter nonsense! Drake was not a pirate. He was an English national hero and the Spaniards were a bunch of filthy foreigners who deserved everything they got. So there!

After stealing... er, sorry, liberating a huge quantity of gold from the Spanish, Drake sailed round the world and back to Blighty. A few years later he was to face an even greater challenge. One afternoon, as he played with his bowls on Plymouth Hoe, a messenger brought word that the Spanish Amdrama was approaching. At first Drake thought this was simply a spelling mistake, but then a group of accountants, shopkeepers and teachers from Mardrid appeared on the horizon in a terrible production of 'Run For Your Wife!' Luckily the scenery fell down before they could do any damage. But Drake knew that one day the Spanish would return. And next time they'd bring a real Amanda.

Meanwhile, In Belgium

Someone discovered a small wire paper clip, but then forgot where they'd put it anyway.

THE BEST REVUE BAR NONE

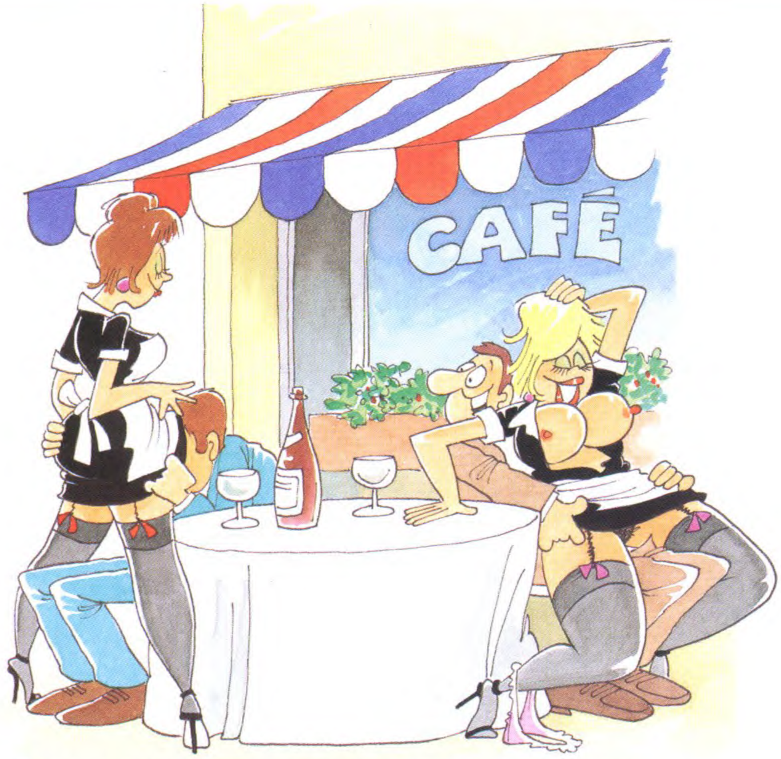
The reputation of the Raymond Revuebar in London as the world's most celebrated erotic entertainment nightspot for the last thirtysomething years speaks for itself. So, sod that. Let's take a look at the stunning girls you can see there!

It was in the late 50s that Paul Raymond hit upon the unique idea of assembling a cast of the world's most glamorous girls and putting on a show that would stand head and boobs above anything else. From that day on stylish girls performed on super-sophisticated stage sets that look straight out of *Star Wars.* Thoughtful presentation, ingenious lighting and exciting choreography whisk you into a world of sensual delights that combines erotica and entertainment like no other show in London.

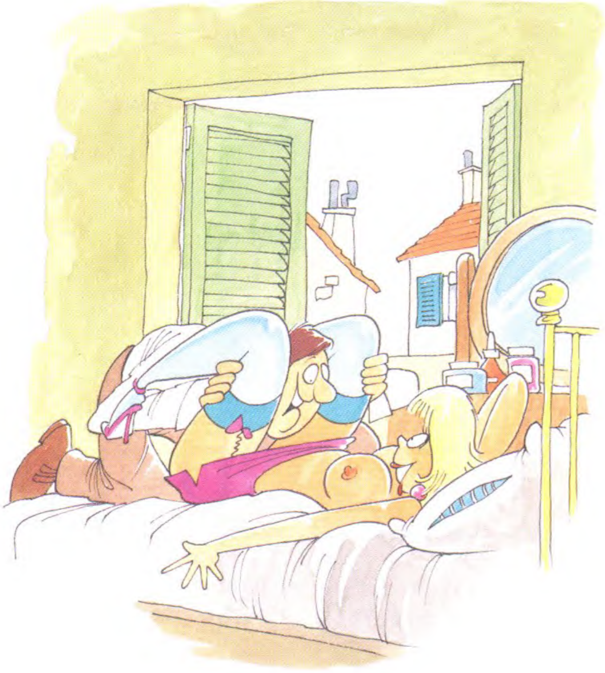
Some of the world's most talented dancers and actresses began their stage careers at the Revuebar performing erotic routines. And today, many of Raymond's performers are still going on to highly successful careers on stage and screen.

Situated in the heart of the West End, the Revuebar offers sumptuous and elegant surroundings where you can enjoy an evening of erotic entertainment second to none. Find it at Walker's Court, Brewer Street, London.

Two shows are performed, Monday to Saturday, at 8pm and 10pm. If you wish to make a reservation please ring 071-734 1593. And who knows you could meet the *Mayfair* staff in person!



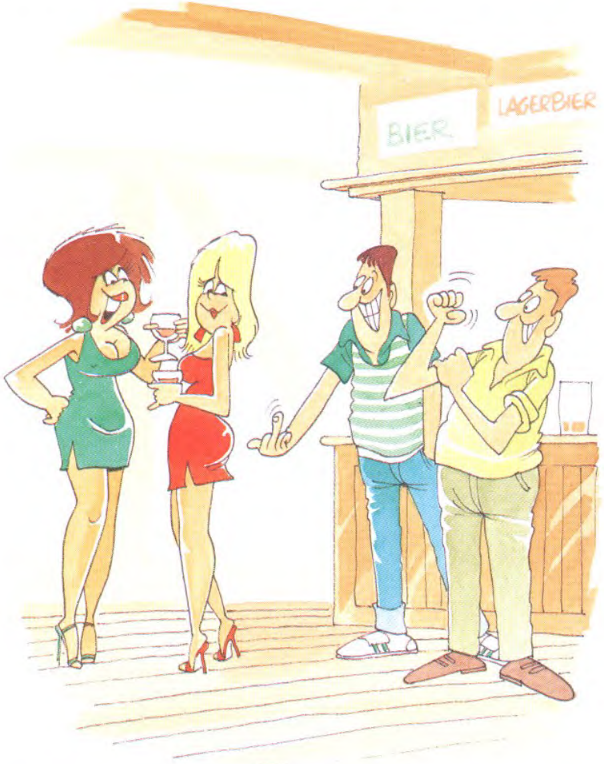
Fortunately it's not only the borders that are opening up



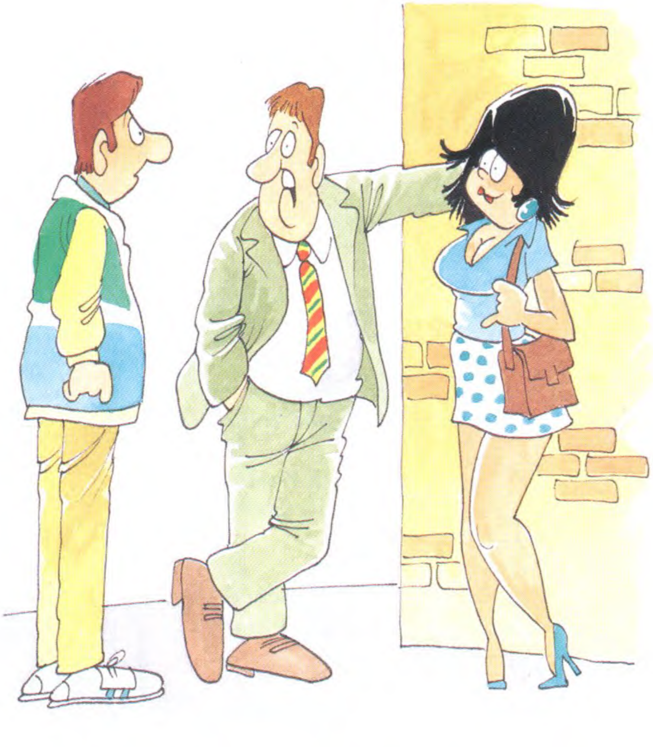
It's one of the reasons I came over here... to improve my French oral

E C LAYS

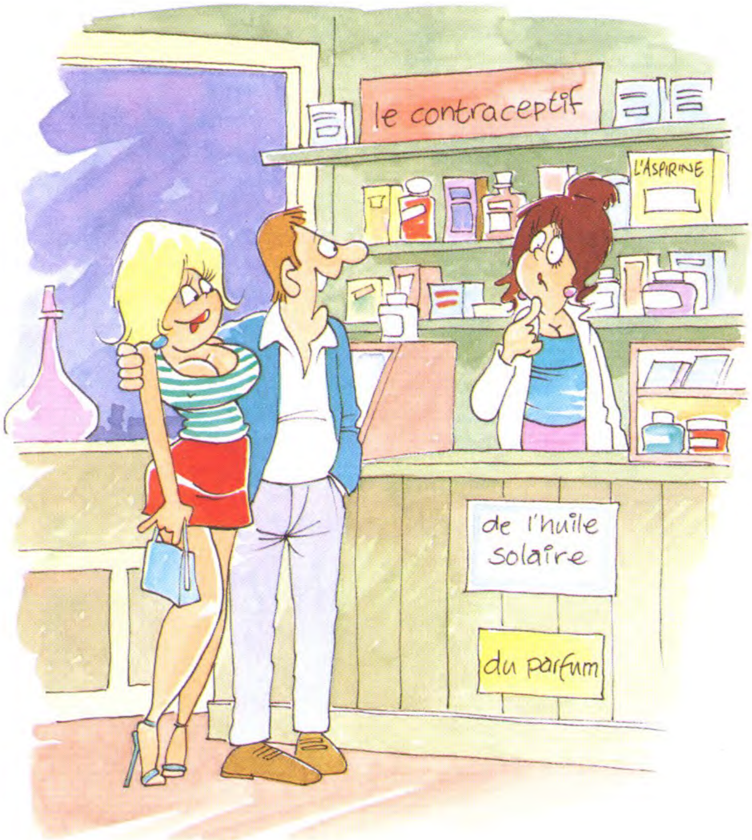
Economic barriers aren't the only things coming down as Britain enters Europe. Some girls, says cartoonist Anthony, will do anything for a hard ECU



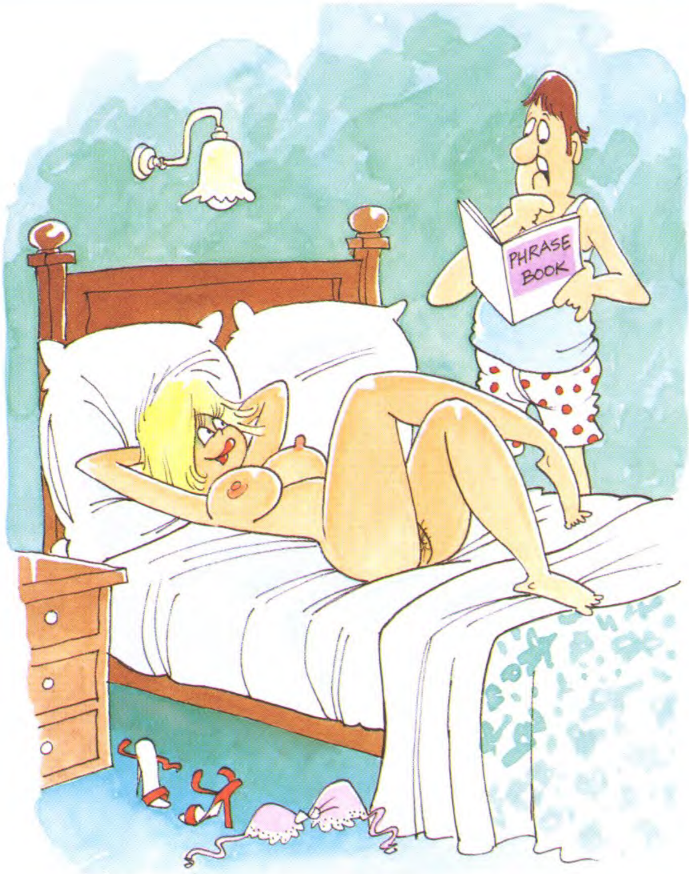
Well I don't think there's going to be a problem with the language barrier



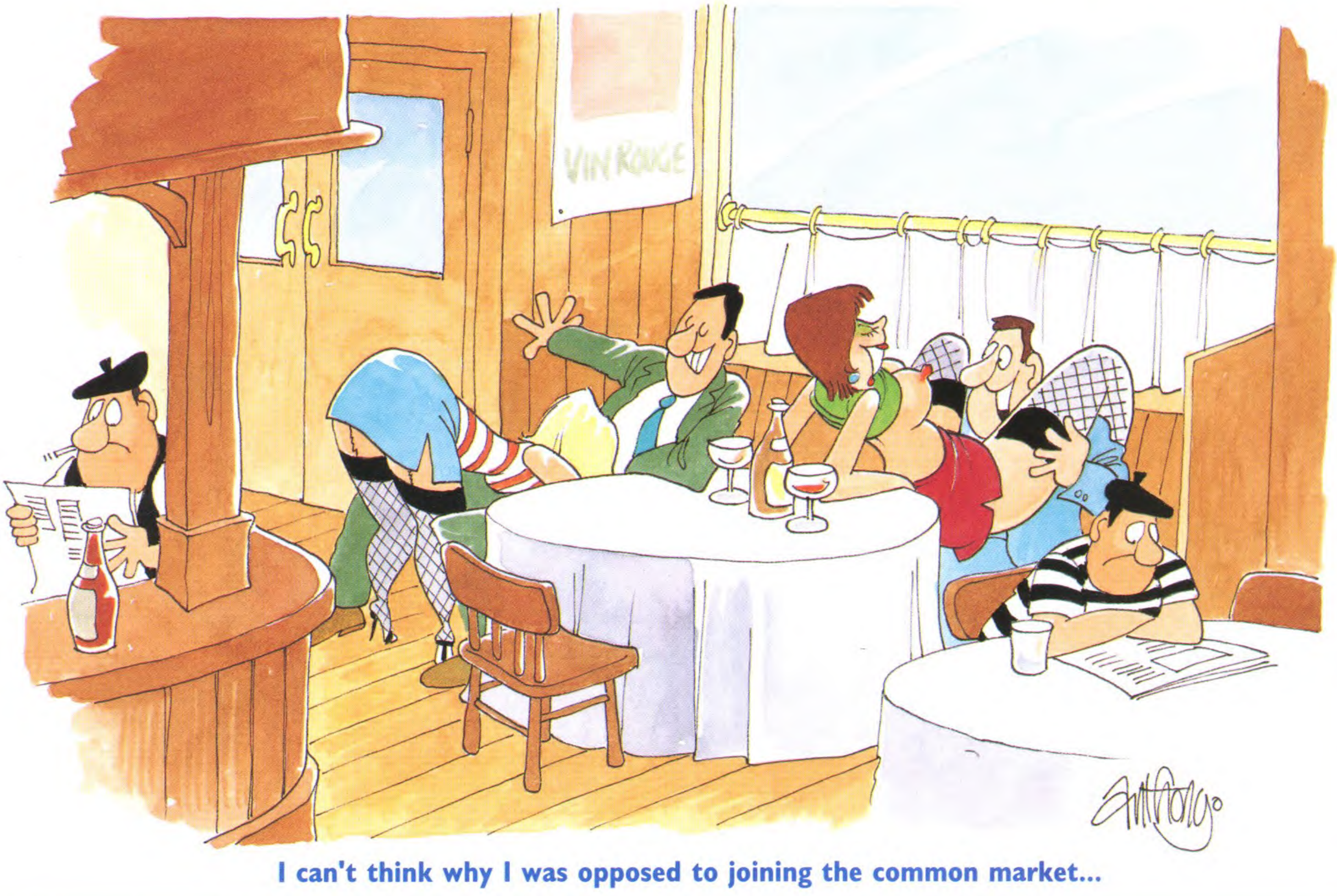
What's the German for 'Would you like to help cement European relationships?'


le contraceptif
L'ASPIRINE
de l'huile solaire
du parfum

A packet of British letters, please


PHRASE BOOK

Er, did... the... earth... move... for... you?



I can't think why I was opposed to joining the common market...

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

During its investigations, Quest has received letters from many readers detailing their out-of-doors sexual experiences. This month our three respondents describe their own encounters and how the thrill of being caught adds to their sexual satisfaction.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs J
Age... 28
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Barnsley
Other details... This doctor is married to a colleague and has two children. She and her husband regularly have sex out of doors and in all weathers.

Quest: You were one of the people we contacted after you wrote into *Mayfair* detailing one of your most exciting sexual experiences. Would you care to relate this to our other readers?

Mrs J: Yes, of course. I get incredibly turned on whenever I think about this experience. It's funny, but because I'm a doctor, I've found that even my close friends seem to assume that I don't have sex at all! Or that if I do, then it's very clinical. Nothing could be further from the truth, in fact; I love sex, and my husband and I have a very active sex life — almost too active for him sometimes! I find that I need sex at least every day, and I think I really do wear him out!

I've always been easily aroused and once I'm feeling randy, I just have to either have sex or frig myself, otherwise I feel as if I might burst! These urges can take me at any time, at the supermarket or at a special function. The encounter that I'm going to tell you about is very memorable for me; that day I was so overcome with the whole situation that I seduced my husband just yards away from a crowd of our colleagues at an upmarket function.

I won't mention what the do was for, otherwise people who were there will quickly put two and two together and not only work out where it was, but who my husband and I are too, and although Tim isn't a prude, I do think that he would be terribly embarrassed. Sometimes he does get embarrassed when my sexual urges get the better of me, although he can never resist me when I make a determined effort to seduce him! But this day there was no way that he was going to stop me.

It was a Sunday afternoon last summer and we'd been invited to dinner in a marquee in the gardens of a stately home about 25 miles from where we work. It was attended by a huge crowd of local bigwigs from various businesses, and dress was very formal. I always get incredibly aroused when I see Tim in his dinner suit, the crisp white shirt making him look very brown and handsome, and I made sure that I wore the backless red velvet dress that I know Tim absolutely adores.

I knew in advance that we'd be right by the gardens in the marquee, and the thought really turned me on. I imagined how I'd get Tim to come into them with me and how I'd slowly undress him garment by garment and lick down his chest, teasing his penis until he couldn't hold his come back and had to either spray it over my big boobs or into my eager mouth so that I could swallow every drop.

Once we were there I really found it difficult to concentrate on the speeches and having to talk business with our colleagues because all I could think of was how I wished Tim was watching me naked, frigging myself in front of him shamelessly. I knew I had to drag him outside into the gardens soon, or I was going to lose control of myself. I was already rubbing myself up against him as we talked to one of our fellow GPs, feeling how I was getting wet between the legs and how my nipples were so stiff and throbbing that I thought everyone must be able to see them and know how turned on I really was.

I soon managed to direct Tim outside and I was frantically searching for somewhere where

we could go and fuck, when it suddenly dawned on me that we were close to the entrance of the maze, which I'd forgotten was even there. Well, it seemed like the obvious place — and there was always the added attraction that there might be other couples there too who'd had the same idea and we might even get caught.

Although it was summer, there was a slight chill in the air, which merely sent even more anticipation right through my cunt. When we came to one of the clearings in the maze I stood right in the middle of it, all my exhibitionist tendencies coming to the fore, and just pulled my dress right off. I was completely naked underneath, and to Tim the sight of me standing there in just my black sandals was, he said, the horniest thing that he'd ever seen.

Looking him right in the eye, I started to fondle myself, slowly rubbing my palms over my nipples and making them stand up stiff by pulling them hard. I even managed to put one in my mouth, so that I could suck it, holding Tim's attentive gaze all the time so that he could see how aroused I was. I was aware that at any moment someone might come along and catch me, but that merely added to my heightened sexual state.

By this time, Tim was struggling out of his clothes and we were both soon naked in the middle of that maze. He knelt down in front of me and gently pulled apart my cunt lips with his nimble fingers so that he could frig my clitoris and rub my curly pubes as I stood above him. As he worked on my pussy I looked down and revelled in the rapt expression on his face as he slowly pushed his cool tongue all the way down the length of my slit and then nibbled his way right inside my juicy cunt.

I ground my wet pussy onto his face so that he could get a good taste of my love juices

He really gave me a good licking out, making me climax several times over, and I ground my pussy onto his face so that he could get a good taste of my love juices. His penis was sticking up really hard and it kept brushing against my legs as he pressed himself close to me and gripped my buttocks with both hands so that he could really penetrate me deeply with his tongue. I couldn't stop myself from screaming with delight as he made me come three or four times, and I fantasized that all the rustling noises I could hear in the maze hedges were lots of people watching Tim and I fucking.

"Fuck me! Get inside me!" I shouted to Tim when the urgency to feel his rock hard cock inside me became too much. He pulled me down onto the ground with him and then turned me over so that I was kneeling up on all fours, my bottom cheeks sticking up right into his face. I could feel the cool summer air all over them, and then the breeze seemed to go right inside my hot cunt as Tim pulled my bottom cheeks apart and prepared to feed his length right inside me.

As soon as I felt the tip of Tim's cock nudging at the entrance to my cunt, I orgasmed straight away, and I knew I was so wet that Tim would have a hard time staying inside me as he thrust further and further up me. So I deliberately clenched my cunt muscles as hard as I could in rhythm with his thrusts, so that I was really hugging his cock tightly. Every time he thrust into my cunt, I was almost rearing right up into a kneeling position, his thrusts were so powerful, and by the way that he was moaning and groaning, I knew that our open-air fucking was having a wonderful effect on him. His hands were frenziedly caressing and pummelling my heavy boobs, and I was relishing the delicious feelings he was arousing in me.

Just at the moment Tim came inside me, and I clenched his cock really tight so that I could milk him and hold all his sticky come inside me, another couple came around the corner into the clearing, obviously with the same thing in mind as us. Tim quickly pushed me down so that he was lying on top of me and neither of our faces could be seen. It was a good job too — I'd caught a brief glimpse of who the couple were. The man was a colleague of ours — and the woman with him definitely wasn't his wife!

Quest: That was the most erotic of many outdoor experiences which you told us about, and we're only sorry that we don't have room for more here!

Mrs J: I've really enjoyed telling the story again actually — it's got me incredibly aroused. I really should be thanking you!

Quest: Thank you.

the pub; we were both quite drunk, and we stopped in a shop doorway and things began to get really amorous. It was Glenda's birthday and I'd deliberately dressed up for her, wearing a really tight skirt that came halfway up my thighs and stockings and suspenders with skimpy panties. Usually I just wear scruffy jeans and tee-shirts, so all evening I could see that Glenda was incredibly aroused by the sight of me flaunting my slim body just for her benefit in this ultra-feminine outfit.

When we left the pub with our arms wrapped around each other, I knew that we were heading home for a very satisfying night of pussy licking, and hopefully we would make good use of the large vibrator that I'd bought her as a present. But we didn't even get that far! Once Glenda has got her tongue into my mouth, there's absolutely nothing that I can do to resist her, and the next minute we were standing in a shop doorway in the middle of the main shopping street, rubbing our cunts against each other and feeling our stiff nipples touching and sending shockwaves through both our bodies.

Then without any warning at all, Glenda suddenly knelt down and pushed my skirt right up around my hips, so that she could put a finger inside my skimpy knickers! Right there in the high street! Of course, I was hardly going to turn her advances down, and I leaned back as she gently fingered me to a delicious climax before replacing her finger with her tongue as I clenched my cunt muscles to maximise the pleasure. There she was, her face buried in my wet pussy, rubbing her nose into my close-trimmed pubic hair, her tongue pushing right inside me, my finger working my own clitty so that I could come even quicker, all bathed in the warm glow of a nearby street lamp, when I suddenly realised that the door-way was a lot brighter than it should be. Just our luck that the local constabulary were patrolling that way!

Luckily, we were both let off with a warning and we quickly made our way home — and just thinking of the look on that policeman's face when he saw exactly what we were doing made me feel so horny that when we got into bed I made Glenda fuck me all night, working her fingers, tongue and dildo in and out of me again and again until my pussy was aching — and totally fulfilled.

"That really turned you on, didn't it, someone seeing me tongue-fuck you?" Glenda asked me the next morning. And once she had got that idea into her head, there was no stopping us, and we went out of our way to make love in public, and whenever people saw us, it just drove us onto even greater heights of filthy delight.

The most memorable occasion was when we were in the local memorial gardens one Sunday afternoon last summer. It was a very hot day and the place was packed with loads of people. Glenda and I had gone down there to show off our glowing suntans, and I was really enjoying lying down in the grass, feeling the hot sun beating down on my body through the thin material of my dress. I could feel Glenda's fingers stroking my bare legs, gradually creeping up the insides of my thighs and then tickling at my bush.

I opened my eyes and found that Glenda was lying almost on top of me, her ample boobs just about poking into my mouth. Looking around, seeing people on all sides only yards away, I slowly reached up and casually popped one of her boobs out of her tee-shirt, taking it into my mouth to suck, while I felt her fingers search out my aching clitty and then start to frig me to a climax.

In fact, I came pretty quickly, because I was already so wet and excited thinking of all those people who could see exactly what the two of us were doing. People around looked pretty shocked as they squinted at us from under their sunglasses, but that just made me feel hornier than ever. By now Glenda was poised directly above me, her nipple between my teeth, me sucking like mad, with her slim fingers slipping in and out of my moist cunt almost to the knuckle. I started to moan loudly, knowing that people were staring at us, Glenda's bum going up and down as we ground our pubic mounds together. It must have been pretty obvious what we up to, but just to press the point home I shouted out, "Oh, I'm coming! I'm coming!" as my sticky juices flooded over Glenda's fingers, and I knew she'd come as she groaned too.

Quest: It's surprising that the two of you didn't get arrested.

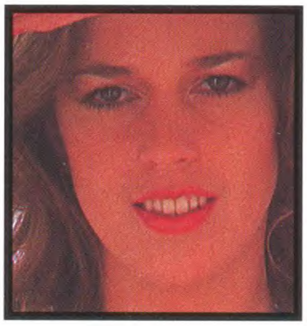
Ms V: Well, you see, that merely adds to the excitement of it all, the fact that we might just get caught. Since then, Glenda and I have had outdoor fucks at every available opportunity — it's fantastic! It really keeps our sex life lively, and now whenever I'm in town I'm always on the look-out for places where we could have a good fuck. All I need now is for us to have one of our group sex sessions on the crowded beach and all my sexual fantasies will have come true!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Ms V
Age... 22
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Bournemouth
Other details...
This young trainee journalist is a self-confessed exhibitionist who gets her sexual kicks from having sex in open places where the chances of being caught are highest.



Quest: How long would you say you have displayed exhibitionist tendencies?

Mrs V: Well, I guess that it's something that you're born with, but I first realised that I was definitely an exhibitionist pretty early on in my sexual life, I think when I was about eighteen or nineteen years old. From that time I realised that I was bisexual, and, to be honest, I went out of my way to deliberately flaunt it as much as possible, which caused quite a scandal at my sixth form college, I can tell you! Even though it was supposed to be quite a progressive place, everyone was very shocked when I first started having a lesbian affair with Lizzy, and we both enjoyed the disbelief on people's faces when we used to hold hands or kiss each other in public.

I remember we got carried away once in one of the classrooms and were caught. We had gone in there during our lunchbreak to spend a bit of time alone together, and we were kissing and caressing each other, me loving the feel of Lizzy's hands on my breasts and pushing my own hands up under her tight skirt so that I could stroke the soft flesh of her inner thighs. I could feel Lizzy trembling, and I knew she was moist and excited, and suddenly the little devil in me decided to take things a step further. Yanking up her skirt I pushed her skimpy knickers to one side and started licking out her cunt slowly, the way I know Lizzy likes it. She was shaking like a leaf and orgasming in quick bursts, her sticky juices getting rubbed over my face, and my hands were busy frigging my own snatch to keep the arousal level at fever pitch for as long as possible.

She fingered me to a delicious climax before replacing her finger with her tongue

I knew there was a good chance that we'd be discovered and, of course, we were. One of our tutors came into the room and caught us red-handed, and the upshot of that little episode was that we were very lucky not to be kicked out of the college. The funny thing was that when we were called into the principal's office to be disciplined, and she started talking about the incident, I could feel my pussy gushing with excitement, as she scolded us in her deep, strict, masculine voice. The idea of someone else discussing me after I'd been found licking another girl's cunt — especially our principal who'd long been rumoured to be a lesbian herself— had me desperate to re-enact the whole scene there and then!

Quest: That was your exhibitionist qualities coming to the fore there?

Ms V: Yes, and I have to admit that once I'd been caught for the first time, the idea of other people catching me red-handed in the sexual act became paramount in my sexual relationships. In fact, I'd often go out of my way to get into that situation, but somehow the lovers that I picked didn't seem to be as interested in that kind of thing as I obviously was. I suppose it goes against the grain of what people have been taught about sex. But when I got together with my current lover Glenda, I really found what I'd been looking for.

Glenda is several years older than I am and she has been out of the closet, so to speak, for quite a few years. We first met in a bar near to the college. She chatted me up and seduced me back at her place the same night, telling me between expert licks of my young, juicy cunt how she'd spotted me across the crowded bar and how she was determined to have me there and then. We're both quite liberal and have tried all kinds of fucking — even group sex on a couple of occasions — but what we both find the most satisfying is doing it in public.

I can remember the first time. We were on our way back from

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs B-S
Age... 35
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Thetford
Other details... This well-groomed divorcee is married to a peer, who is in the process of divorcing her for adultery with 'various members' of her local hunt.

Quest: Most people seem to experience a great deal of pain when getting divorced, but it was quite the opposite for you, wasn't it?

Mrs B-S: Yes, to be honest it was an enormous relief. You see, my husband and I had never really been sexually compatible at all. I've got a very high sex drive and found it hard to get by without resorting to buying sexy magazines and using a whole range of sex aids, some of which were pretty kinky. After a few years of satisfying myself, I found that it still wasn't enough, and I had to look outside my marriage to get sexual satisfaction.

Quest: It's fairly unusual for women of your age and social class to be so open and relaxed about sex, isn't it?

Mrs B-S: Don't you believe it! Some of the randiest women I've ever met have come from the same social circles as me! I think there must be a whole generation of frustrated women like me out there, with no-one around to satisfy them. Or so I thought until I started going to local point-to-point and hunt meetings more often.

My husband isn't all that interested in that side of things — he prefers to do his socializing in the local pub. So I often ended up accompanying his friends and their wives, and I must say that I really enjoyed being the 'extra woman', because it meant that all the men made a great fuss of me, complimenting me on my figure and so on. I soon had my eyes on quite a few of the men from our circle, and I really didn't care whether they were married to friends of mine or not.

The first encounter I had was one day when I'd just finished riding with the local hunt. It was a pretty straightforward fuck, to be honest. We'd come back to the stables and were tacking down in the yard. I was feeling a little stiff after all the unaccustomed exercise — though not as stiff as one of my husband's friends Hugh had got after seeing me bending over in my skintight jodhpurs! Looking over my shoulder I could see that he couldn't take his eyes off the way that those tight breeches clung to my buttocks and the tailored jacket fitted my boobs and small waist to perfection.

I deliberately wasted time in the yard, and Hugh knew what I was up to, and we had no compunction about making it obvious, so that the others left the two of us alone. Then, leaning me against the hard stone stable wall, right out in the open with all the horses watching, Hugh grabbed me and soon we were kissing passionately. In no time at all I had my hands down at Hugh's fly, unzipping him and then undoing my own breeches so that I could wrap my legs around his waist and he could push his cock right up me. When he fucked me then it didn't last long but I came about three or four times, the whole situation was so erotic.

Quest: Was it that you were out of doors, and so could have been caught at any moment?

Mrs B-S: Mostly that, yes, the illicitness of the whole thing. And I must say that although it was a nippy autumnal day I was really turned on feeling the breeze around my exposed cunt, getting inside me along with Hugh's cock. And that encounter really gave me a taste for fucking. After that I was determined to bed every other man on the hunt, and the more I hung around with them, the easier a prospect that seemed.

All I had to do was to wait until the hunt had one of their outings which was for the men only, which they had every couple of months. Until that time I flirted mercilessly with all the men, teasing them, leading them on and then pulling back so that they all knew what I wanted and what they were missing by not having fucked me.

Then, on the day in question, I made sure I knew which course the hunt were going to be taking, and I was pleased to note that if things went according to plan, the men would be riding through the copse which lay at the bottom of the grounds of our house. This meant that I was able to ride down there myself without anyone being suspicious of me.

When the first couple of riders from the hunt came into the clearing where I'd positioned myself to wait for them, I was more than ready. I'd already enjoyed a really good frig in the cold open air — there was a good frost on the ground that day — and at the front of my breeches there was a patch of my own juices so that any man would immediately be able to tell how aroused and ready I was. I hoped they'd all be the same after their exertions.

I shan't name the names of every man I fucked that day, mainly because I don't want to get them into trouble with their wives, but also because I can't remember some of them.

The first three leaders of the

hunt appeared in the clearing to find me leaning up against a tree sucking my index finger invitingly, just waiting to see which of them would be the first to dismount — and mount me!

I reached down to play with my clitoris as he entered me with one quick thrust

The hunt leader — who I'd always really fancied above all — dismounted and came towards me with a gleam in his eyes that told me he'd sussed the situation right away. I needed fucking and didn't care who knew it, and he was determined to be the man to start off the course. He just came towards me and unzipped his breeches, pulling out his semi-stiff cock. It looked very thick, and he pressed my hands around it and said, "Get it hard for me, so that I can fuck that juicy little cunt of yours."

I love men who take the initiative like that, and I eagerly wanked his cock in both hands as I felt him stiffen up to what seemed in that erotically charged situation to be flagpole proportions. Pressing the pad of my thumb over its eye to make sure that he didn't shoot his load too soon, I pulled my own breeches down around my ankles and pushed my mound right against his pubes so that he knew it was time for him to fuck me.

When his cock slid right inside me I shouted out with pleasure, and looked happily into the eye of the other two riders who were watching me from only a few yards away. I could see how aroused they were, devouring the sight of my legs wrapped around the other man's waist as he fucked me fast and furiously. I was nearly coming when he shot his load inside me, and his cock went limp immediately.

I felt frustrated that he hadn't finished the job properly and given me an orgasm, but I didn't have to wait long to be satisfied, because as he staggered back, trying to tuck his now limp cock back into his breeches, one of the other huntsmen stepped forward, his cock already stiff as a board and waiting to bury itself inside my cunt. I was more than ready for it, and reached down to play with my clitoris as he entered me with one thrust, so that I came almost as soon as he began humping away.

I dispatched him with a spent cock after a few minutes of blissful fucking, and as the third rider approached I lay on the floor as my legs were starting to ache by this time, spreading my thighs so that the lucky chap got a good look at my soaking cunt, overflowing with come and my own juices. It was all I could do to hold him inside me as he knelt between my thighs, and I arched my hips right off the floor and gripped tightly with my cunt walls as he panted and scythed in and out of me.

I think all three were pretty embarrassed about their behaviour afterwards, as they all avoided my gaze, but I told them that they had nothing to fear — I wasn't going to tell anyone about what they'd done. "All I needed was a good, fucking," I said. "And as I don't get that from my husband..."

When they'd ridden off I sat on the ground in the middle of the copse revelling in my behaviour. I was semi-naked, my breeches still around my ankles, feeling the breeze brushing the tips of my breasts and my aching cunt — and I realised that I'd enjoyed every minute of my threefold, filthy fuck. Having done it outdoors had made me even wilder too, as if I'd lost any inhibitions I might have had about my actions (not that I had many in the first place) as soon as I'd stepped out of the house. I'm sure there must be a deep Freudian meaning to all that, but I don't bother analysing it any more — I just get on with it!

Quest: Your husband found out about this encounter and has now started divorce proceedings against you, hasn't he?

Mrs B-S: Yes, but that hasn't really curtailed my activities. I find that making love out in the open air gives me a freedom of mind which I don't get from conventional sex, indoors between the sheets — and when I free my mind like that I'm game for anything!

Quest: Thank you.